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THE WORKS OF VOLTAIRE.

VOL. XXXII.

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The Battle of Fontenoy.

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MISCELLANEOUS

POEMS.

12157

BY

Mr. DE VOLTAIRE.

Tranſlated from the FRENCH,

By T. SMOLLET M. D. T. FRANCKLIN, M. A. and others.

VOL. XXXII.

LONDON:

Printed for J. NEWBERY, R. BALDWIN, S. CROWDER and Co. J. COOTE, T. DAVIES, W. JOHNSTON, R. FRANCKLIN, and G. KEARSLEY.

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DEDICATION

TO THE

KING.

May it pleaſe your Majeſty,

I HAD not the preſumption to dedicate the firſt eſſay of the following work to you, apprehenſive that I might thereby offend the delicacy of the moſt modeſt of conquerors; but your Majeſty ſhould conſider, that this is not a panegyrick; it is in part a faithful picture of the moſt glorious battle that ever was fought ſince that of *Bouvines*. It contains the ſentiments of France, though but weakly expreſſed; it is a poem without exaggeration, and conſiſts of important truths, without any mixture either of fiction or flattery. Your Majeſty's name will tranſmit this weak ſketch to poſterity as an authentic monument of ſo many

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glorious actions performed in your prefence, and in imitation of your great example.

Vouchfafe then, royal fir, to add to the favour of permitting this addrefs, that of accepting the profound refpects of the leaft of your fubjects, but the warmeft of your admirers,

VOLTAIRE.

PRE-

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PRELIMINARY DISCOURSE.

'TIS well known to the public, that this work, composed at first with all the rapidity of zeal, was considerably increased in every subsequent edition. All the different circumstances of the victory at *Fontenoy*, which were from day to day heard of at *Paris*, deserved to be particularly celebrated; and what was at first only a poem, consisting of about a hundred lines, is now swelled into a work, which contains above three hundred and forty; but care has been taken to preserve it in the same order, which consists in the prelude, the action, and the conclusion. This order has been even put in a still clearer light, by giving in this edition a description of the several nations of which the enemy's army was composed, and specifying their three different attacks.

The nations over which *Lewis* the fourteenth triumphed, are here painted in their true colours; but nothing injurious is said of them: for example; where it is said of the *Dutch*, that they formerly shook off the yoke of *cruel Austria*, the obvious meaning of the words is, *the yoke of Austria then cruel to them*; for

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Auſtria is now by no means cruel to the States General; and the queen of *Hungary*, who adds ſo much to the glory of the houſe of *Auſtria*, is not ignorant of the profound reſpect that the *French* bear to her perſon and virtues, at the ſame time that they are obliged to fight againſt her.

Where it is ſaid in ſpeaking of the *Engliſh*, *ferocity gives way to valour*, care has been taken to apprize the reader in notes to all the different editions, that this reproach of ferocity falls upon the ſoldiers alone.

Certain it is, that when the *Engliſh* troops filed off from *Fontenoy*, many ſoldiers of that nation cried out, *no quarter*. 'Tis likewiſe known, that when M. *de Sechelles* ſeconded the king's intentions with extraordinary foreſight, and cauſed as much care to be taken of the wounded priſoners of the enemy as of our own men, ſome of the *Engliſh* foot were guilty of outrages againſt our ſoldiers when in the waggons, which carried off the wounded both of the vanquiſhed and victorious party. Officers, who have pretty nearly the ſame education all over *Europe*, have the ſame generoſity of diſpoſition; but there are countries, where the common people, free from reſtraint, are more fierce and brutal than elſewhere. The author has not, for that reaſon, been more ſparing in his praiſes of the valour

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valour and conduct of that nation; and he has taken particular care never to mention the duke of *Cumberland*, without beſtowing upon him thoſe eulogiums, which his qualities exact from all the world.

Some foreigners have endeavoured to perſuade the public, that the celebrated *Addiſon*, in his poem upon the campaign of *Hockſet*, has ſpoken more honourably of the king's houſhold troops, than the author of the poem upon the battle of *Fontenoy*. The author, induced by this reproach, conſulted Mr. *Addiſon*'s poem at the king's library, and was very much ſurpriſed to find a great deal more abuſe than praiſe in it. The paſſage begins about the three hundredth line. There is no occaſion either for citing or anſwering it; the king's houſhold troops have ſufficiently refuted it by conquering. The author does not mean to deny ſo great a poet, and ſo diſcerning a philoſopher as Mr. *Addiſon*, his due praiſe; but he would have behaved in a manner more worthy of the name of poet and philoſopher, if he had ſpoken with more caution of crowned heads, which even an enemy ſhould reſpect; and if he had reflected, that the praiſes beſtowed by victors upon the vanquiſhed add a new laurel to the former, there is ſome reaſon to think, that when Mr. *Addiſon* was made ſecretary of ſtate, the miniſter re-

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gretted the indecencies which had dropped from the author.

If the *Engliſh* poem overflows with gall, this on the other hand breathes nothing but humanity. The author's intention was to inſpire benevolent ſentiments, whilſt he celebrated a battle. Periſh the wretch, who can take delight in nothing but in pictures of deſtruction and repreſentations of human miſery.

The people of *Europe* have principles of humanity, which are not to be found in the other quarters of the world; they are better united with each other; they have certain laws which are common to them all; all their royal families are related; the inhabitants of each kingdom travel amongſt their neighbours, and by that means keep up a reciprocal connexion with them. The *European* chriſtians are in this reſpect in the ſame ſtate with the antient *Greeks*; they are engaged in frequent wars with each other; but, in the midſt of theſe diſſentions, they generally obſerve ſo much decorum and politeneſs, that it often happens, that a *Frenchman*, an *Engliſhman*, and a *German* meeting, ſeem to be natives of the ſame city. True it is, that the *Lacedemonians* and *Thebans* were leſs poliſhed than the people of *Athens*; but the ſeveral different nations

of

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of *Greece* looked upon each other as allies, who never waged war but with a view to the re-eſtabliſhment of peace; and they ſeldom inſulted enemies, who were to become their friends in a few years. It is upon this principle the author has endeavoured to make this work a monument of the *French* monarch's glory, not of the ſhame of the nations over which he triumphed. He would be concerned, could he be juſtly charged with having wrote againſt them with as much bitterneſs, as is to be met with in ſome of the invectives, which *Frenchmen* have written againſt a poem compoſed by one of their countrymen; but the jealouſy between author and author is much ſtronger than that between nation and nation.

It is ſaid of the *Swiſs*, that they are our *antient friends and fellow citizens*, becauſe they have been ſo theſe two hundred and fifty years paſt. It is ſaid of the foreigners that ſerve in our armies, that they followed the example ſet them by the king's houſhold troops and by our other forces; becauſe 'tis in effect the part of the nation that fights for its prince to ſet the example, and a more noble example was never ſet before. That the *French* excel all other nations in valour and politeneſs can never be denied. A certain

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author has had the impudence to aſſert, that the following verſe,

Je vois cet etranger qu'on croit né parmi nous,

was meant as a compliment to a general born in *Saxony* for having the air of a *Frenchman.* Air and deportment are here entirely out of the queſtion: any man of common diſcernment will plainly perceive, that the meaning of the verſe is, that this general's attachment to the king was as great, as if he had been born his ſubject.

This criticiſm is much of a piece with that of a certain perſon, who advanced, that it was not proper to ſay of the ſame general, that he was dangerouſly ill, when in effect his courage made him forget the ſad ſituation to which he was reduced, and enabled him to triumph at once over the weakneſs of his body and the enemies of his king.

Decency admits of no other anſwer to thoſe, who have ſo notoriouſly violated its laws.

The author's ſole view was to recite faithfully whatever came to his knowledge, and his only regret was the not having it in his power to celebrate all the glorious actions he has ſince heard of, confined as he was

by

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by want of time and the little extent of his work; it was not in his power to ſay every thing, but all that he has ſaid is true: adulation would have diſgraced a work, whoſe baſis is the glory of the nation. He was ſo entirely engroſſed by the pleaſure of telling the truth, that he did not think of ſending his work to the great perſonages celebrated in it, till it had gone through ſix editions.

All who are named therein had not equal opportunities of ſignaliſing themſelves. The colonel, who at the head of his regiment waited the order to advance, could not do as important ſervices as the lieutenant-general, who might have given the advice to attack the Engliſh forces with vigour, and who in conſequence thereof headed the king's houſhold troops againſt them. But if the great action of one deſerves to be related, the ardent courage of the other ſhould by no means be paſſed over in ſilence. One receives general praiſes for his valour, another is celebrated for ſome particular ſervice; the wounds of ſome are commemorated, the tribute of grief is paid to the death of others.

In this manner the celebrated Monſ. *Deſpreaux* did juſtice to the memory of thoſe, who had been con-

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cerned in paſſing the *Rhine*, He cites about twenty names; there are in this poem above ſixty, and the reader would find four times the number, did the nature of the work admit of it.

It would be ſomething extraordinary, if whilſt *Homer*, *Virgil* and *Taſſo* have deſcribed the wounds of a thouſand imaginary warriors, a modern poet ſhould not be allowed the privilege of celebrating thoſe of real heroes, who laviſhed their blood for their king and country, amongſt whom there were ſeveral whom he had the honour of knowing, and whoſe loſs he ſincerely regrets.

The ſcrupulous attention given to this edition ſhould vouch for the ſeveral facts related in the poem. There is not one but what ſhould be dear to the nation, and to the ſeveral families intereſted in them. Indeed who can avoid being ſenſibly affected in reading the name of a ſon, a brother, a dear relation, or a friend, killed, wounded, or riſking his life in a battle which will be for ever famous; who, I ſay, can avoid being affected at reading ſuch a name in a poem, which, weak as it is, has been more than once honoured by the peruſal of our monarch, and which his majeſty permitted to be dedicated to him, only becauſe he overlooked his own eulogium, in conſideration of that

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of the officers, who fought and conquered under his command.

The author's work ſhould rather be looked upon as the production of a good citizen than of a poet. He did not think it neceſſary to adorn this poem with fiction, eſpecially during the firſt eagerneſs of the public, when the whole attention of *Europe* was engaged by intereſting narratives of that victory purchaſed with ſo much blood.

Fiction may embelliſh a ſubject in itſelf leſs great, leſs intereſting, or placed at ſuch a diſtance as to cauſe leſs agitation in the mind. 'Twas three months after the action that *Deſpreaux* amuſed himſelf by deſcribing the paſſage over the *Rhine*; and that action, brilliant as it was, is not to be compared either for importance or danger to a pitched battle gained over an enemy ſkilled in the art of war, intrepid and ſuperior in number, by a king, who, with his ſon, ſtood expoſed during four hours to the fire of the artillery.

The author did not take the liberty of inſerting in his poem ſome of thoſe fictions, too great a number of which would only weaken the ſubject, and render it leſs ſtriking and animated, till after he had indulged all the firſt emotions of zeal, and exerted himſelf to the utmoſt to praiſe thoſe who had faithfully ſerved their country upon this important occaſion; and in this pre-

face

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face he has ſaid nothing in proſe, but what Mr. *Addiſon* himſelf has ſaid in verſe in his celebrated poem upon the campaign of *Hockſtet*. It is by no means difficult to repreſent *Venus*, two thouſand years after the war of *Troy*, beſtowing upon her ſon *Æneas* arms forged by *Vulcan*, which were to render that hero invulnerable. It is equally eaſy to paint a deity preſenting him with the ſword, which he was to plunge in the breaſt of his enemy. The council of the gods may be aſſembled, and all hell let looſe; *Alecto* may pour her poiſon into the hearts of men, and intoxicate their minds with frenzy; but neither the taſte of the age, the ſubject of the poem which is a recent event, or the narrow limits to which it is confined, admit of thoſe picturesque allegories, which are now worn thread-bare by the poets. The world ſhould excuſe a citizen, deeply affected with his ſubject, for giving more ſcope to the emotions of his heart than the ſallies of his imagination; and the author acknowledges that he felt more in writing theſe lines,

Tu meurs, jeune Craon; que le ciel moins ſevere
Veille ſur les deſtins de ton genereux frere!

than if he had called up the Furies to deprive ſome youthful warrior of life.

Divine

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Divine agents are neceſſary in an epic poem, eſpecially when the heroes of fabulous ages are introduced. But here it is the true *Jupiter*, the true *Mars*, a king intrepid in the midſt of danger, and who ventures his life for ſubjects of whom he is the father. 'Tis he, 'tis his ſon, 'tis thoſe who conquered under his auſpices, that the poet intended, and that it was his duty, to repreſent. Add to this, that the few, who have a competent knowledge of our poetry, are well aware, that it is much eaſier to make heaven, earth and hell engage in a battle, than to diſtinguiſh, by juſt and ſenſible images, carbineers who carry ſcrew'd fuzils; grenadiers; dragoons, who fight both on foot and a horſeback; to mention retrenchments raiſed in a hurry; an enemy that advances in a battalion; and in a word to ſpeak in verſe of things, which have hitherto never been ſpoken of except in proſe.

This was the opinion of Mr. *Addiſon*, at once an ingenious poet and a judicious critic. In the poem by which he has immortalized the campaign of *Hockſtet*, he has uſed much leſs fiction than has been admitted by the author of that upon the battle of *Fontenoy*. He was not ignorant, that the duke of *Marlborough* and prince *Eugene* would have been but little pleaſed to ſee gods where only the great actions

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of men ſhould be diſplayed. He was likewiſe aware that the exploits of antiquity may be heightened by invention; but that thoſe of the moderns run great riſk of being weakened by inſipid allegories; he took a much wiſer courſe, he intereſted all *Europe* in his action.

Theſe ſhort poems of three or four hundred lines upon the affairs of the preſent age, reſemble a tragedy in one reſpect; the ground-work of them ſhould be of itſelf intereſting, and foreign ornaments are almoſt always ſuperfluous.

It was judged proper to ſpecify the different corps that engaged, their arms, their poſts, and the place where they attacked the enemy; relate that the *Engliſh* battalion penetrated to our ranks, and ſhew how it was routed and broken by the king's houſhold troops, the carbineers, the gens d'arms, the *Norman* regiment, the *Iriſh* brigade, &c. Had not the author entered into a circumſtantial detail of theſe particulars, in which ſo much heroiſm was diſplayed, the battle of *Fontenoy* would be in nothing diſtinguiſhed from that of *Tolbiac*. Monſ. *Deſpreaux*, in his poem upon the paſſage of the *Rhine*, has the following lines:

Revel

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Revel les ſuit de pres; ſous ce chief redoutè,
Marche de cuiraſſiers l'eſcadron indompté.

Next *Revel* follows, under whoſe command
Follows of cuiraſſiers a hardy band.

The author of the following poem has given a pictureſque deſcription of the carbineers, inſtead of calling them by their name, which is more unharmonious than that of cuiraſſiers. It was thought more adviſeable to characteriſe the ſeveral provinces of the general officers, than to give in verſe the names of ſuch of that liſt as were killed.

The author has, however, thought proper to call the king's houſhold troops by that name, rather than make uſe of any other term: this name houſhold troops, which comprize ſo many invincible bodies, contains an idea ſufficiently great, without the addition of any other figure. Mr. *Addiſon* himſelf has given them no other name. The rapidity of the action furniſhes another reaſon for uſing this term.

Vous peuple de heros dont la foule s'avance,
Louis, ſon fils, l'etat, l'*Europe* eſt en vos mains.
Maiſon du roy, marchez, &c.

The

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The addition of another ſyllable would have rendered the laſt line altogether flat and proſaic.

It was judged proper not to deviate a moment from the gravity of the ſubject. *Deſpreaux* indeed, writing of the paſſage over the *Rhine*, pretty nearly in the ſtyle of his epiſtles, has mixed the facetious with the heroic; for immediately after the following verſes,

Un bruit s'epand qu' Enguien & Condé ſont paſſez;
Conde dont le ſeul nom fait tomber les Murailles,
Force les eſcadrons et gagne les Botailles,
Enguien, de ſon Hymen, le ſeul & digne fruit, &c.

That *Enguien* and *Condé* now are paſt;
The buſy goddeſs fame aloud declares;
Conde, whoſe force o'erturns walls built to laſt,
Whoſe uprais'd arm all adverſe power o'erbears.
Enguien, the worthy ſon of ſuch a ſire.

He proceeds thus:

Bientôt—mais Vurts s'oppoſe a l'ardeur que m'anime,
Finiſſons; il eſt tems; auſſi-bien ſi la rime
Alloit, mal a propos, m'engager dans Arnheim,
Je n'en ſai, pour ſortir, de porte qu' Hildeſheim.

Soon

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Soon—but *Wurts* quenches my poetic fire.
Our ſong let's finiſh let's finiſh in good time,
For if perverſely wicked rhyme
Should lead the roving muſe to *Arnheim*,
She could not paſs except by *Hildeſheim*.

Thoſe who have wiſhed, that the author, in his narrative poem upon the battle of *Fontenoy*, had adopted ſome ſtrokes of this familiar ſtyle of *Boileau*, ſeem not to have ſufficiently diſtinguiſhed times and places, nor to have duly weighed the difference between an epiſtle and a work of a more ſerious and ſevere ſort. What is graceful in the epiſtolary way, might be quite the reverſe in the heroic.

It would be improper to ſay any thing farther upon art and taſte in writing at the head of a work which turns upon the moſt important intereſts, and which ſhould fill the mind entirely with ideas of the glory of our king and the happineſs of our country.

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POEM

UPON THE

BATTLE OF FONTENOY.

WHAT! could the bard, whoſe fam'd ſatiric lays
Have gain'd a wreath of never-fading bays;
His voice, inſpir'd by energy divine,
Paint delug'd o'er with blood the banks of *Rhine*;
Sing, how her billows, ſtruck with horror, fled,
Whilſt her defenders round by thouſands bled;
How even her god was ſeiz'd with dire diſmay,
And to our conquering anceſtors gave way!

And

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And when your king in fields with crimſon died,
Sees inſtant death fly round on every ſide;
And from proud Tournay, where with ceaſeleſs roar,
His mortal engines urg'd the ſiege before.
Retires ſuſpending the beſieger's rage,
And takes the field impatient to engage;
Whilſt his great ſon by love of glory led,
For tented fields forſakes the nuptial bed:
Great thro' his valour, happy thro' his care,
Can you, my countrymen, to praiſe forbear?
Behold your monarch deathleſs glory gain,
Where Fontenoy extends her ſpacious plain.
Glory and virtue, powers divine attend
You, who our monarch aid, and who defend;
Bellona, goddeſs of the dreadful fight,
Minerva, who in wiſdom doſt delight,
Thou ruling paſſion of each gen'rous heart,
Our countries love, your ſuccour now impart;
My labouring breaſt, oh! pow'rs divine inſpire,
And fill the poet with a warrior's fire;
Paint their great actions in a deathleſs page,
Such as may live to ev'ry diſtant age:
My ſoul on fancy's pinions wings her way,
The adverſe hoſts already I ſurvey;

Their

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Their bands I ſee with mutual hate engage,
I ſee the battle glow with tenfold rage;
I ſee the haughty Saxon there advance,
* Maurice amongſt us deem'd a ſon of France;
Hov'ring upon the brink of endleſs night,
His ſoul was juſt prepar'd to take its flight;
But he delay'd, he ſtopp'd its flying wing,
He could not unaſſiſted leave the king:
One ſingle day to live was his deſire,
Contented after conqueſt to expire.
Propitious heav'n, watch o'er the hero's fate,
For Lewis's ſake and ours prolong his date.
The French forſaking, † Harcourt joins our hoſt,
Each danger is foreſeen, aſſign'd each poſt;
Attach'd both to his country and the throne,
‡ Noailles, the good of France regards alone.
The mighty D'eu ‖, whoſe birth from Conde ſprings,
D'eu, whoſe right arm the Gallic light'ning wings;

---

* The count de Saxe, marſhal of France, being dangerouſly ill during the battle, was carried thro' the ranks in a litter, as his weakneſs, and the pains he felt, rendered him unable to ride. When the king embraced him after the victory, he expreſſed the ſame ſentiments that are aſcribed to him here.

† The duke of Harcourt had inveſted Tournay.

‡ A marſhal of France.

‖ Maſter of the artillery.

The

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§ The chief, for youth remark'd, for valour more,
Whose great exploits the Mayne had seen before:
Buffler and Luxemburgh untaught to yield,
Depons, Bavaria hasten to the field;
The stroke decisive at their posts they wait,
Their men attend with sanguine hope elate:
* Danoy, who still with fortune favour found
Berenger for the Rhine's defence renown'd;
Chabanes, Colbert, and Gallerande advance,
Du Chaila, all the hardy chiefs of France; †
These, in the silent horrour of the night,
Wait with impatience for the promis'd fight.
Already from the East, the dawn of day
Upon the colours darts a feeble ray;
Colours, which various diff'rent nations bear,
That threat'ning death wave proudly in the air.
The Flemings rul'd by France in time of yore,
Who then knew plenty which they know no more;

---

§ The duke of Penthievre, who had signalized himself at the battle of Dettingen.

* Monsieur de Danoy was taken by his nurse out of a heap of dead and dying men, at the battle of Malplaquet, two days after it was fought: this is a certain fact. The same woman came with a passport, accompanied by a serjeant of the king's regiment, in which he was then an officer.

† The lieutenant-generals in their several departments.

The

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The Dutch to whom the Indies homage pay,
By induſtry and freedom rais'd to ſway,
Who long oppreſs'd by Auſtria's laws ſevere,
Now arm for thoſe whoſe yoke they could not bear;
The Hanoverian's conſtant, faithful band,
To combat brave, and prompt to obey command;
The haughty Auſtrians of paſt greatneſs vain,
And the long glories of their Cæſar's reign:
Chief the aſpiring nation that with pride,
Beholds her greatneſs ſwell on ev'ry ſide;
And of the Gallic glory jealous ſtill,
Thinks Europe's balance ſubject to her will.
All theſe pour on us eager to engage,
By hope ſeduc'd, by hatred fir'd to rage;
The never conquer'd genius of the ſtate,
Attends our monarch, and defies their hate;
Rous'd by the din of war, the gods repair,
From rivers, woods, and floods, to fields of air;
Doubtful for whom their ſilver ſtream ſhall flow,
And in whoſe fertile plains their harveſts grow:
Fortune diſplays a laurel wreath on high,
And hov'ring near them wings the azure ſky:
Provok'd that independent of her ſway,
Valour alone ſhall win the glorious day.

Cum-

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Cumberland, who the Allied hoſts commands,
To firm array draws out his hardy bands;
Not where Scamander flow'd in many a round,
Under thoſe walls in antient ſong renown'd.
Did the great heroes of that famous age,
Like theſe with order in the field engage?
But ſuch was Scipio, ſuch the chief whoſe fate,
In ruin plung'd the Carthaginian ſtate;
Skill, equal to their courage, they diſplay'd,
Each to his rival's worth due homage paid.
Ruin and death in various forms appear,
But Lewis' dauntleſs boſom knows no fear.
With their rude throats a hundred cannon gave
The ſignal, then march'd forth the ſquadron brave;
With firm and ſpeedy pace, in juſt array,
Towards our ranks they took their hoſtile way;
Before them terror ſtalks a phantom dire,
Onward they march, environ'd round with fire;
Thus a thick cloud by winds is born on high,
Whence light'ning, thunder, and deſtruction fly.
They come, thoſe rivals of our monarch's fame,
More fierce than we, their worth perhaps the ſame;
Still proud of their exploits in times of yore,
Bourbons revenge whate'er the Valois bore.

With

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With direful ſhock the hoſts three times engage,
Thrice change the ground, yet meet with equal rage,
The French, whoſe fire the leader ſtrove to reign,
With art to proweſs join'd their poſts maintain;
The cruel hand of death ſtrikes either ſide,
And conſtant carnage ſwells the bloody tide.
By the ſword's edge, or by a leaden death,
Chiefs, ſoldiers, officers, reſign their breadth:
Swept by one common fate confuſedly die,
And in promiſcuous heaps expiring lie.
Their parting groans tranſpierce the wounded air,
And heaven's vengeance they implore by prayer.
Grammont for valour, and for worth renown'd,
Cover'd with wounds lies proſtrate on the ground;
Bleſt had he known e'er ſunk in endleſs night,
That Lewis was victorious in the fight.
What now avail his titles of command *,
The warrior's truncheon which once grac'd his hand,
Honours on which the great in vain preſume,
With them forgotten in the ſilent tomb.
† Craon you fall, may heav'n grown leſs ſecure,
Make your brave brothers fate its chiefeſt care:

* He was upon the point of being created a marſhal of France.
† Niheteen officers belonging to the regiment of Hainault, were either killed or wounded. The prince de Beauveau, brother to Craon, afterwards ſerved in Italy.

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Say much lov'd Longaunay *, what art can ſave
Such worth as thine from an untimely grave?
Thoſe ſons of Mars †, who at their chiefs command,
Darted like light'ning on the hoſtile band;
Stopt in their courſe impetuous breathleſs fall,
Their ſpeed o'ertaken by the murd'rous ball;
As birds when ſhot in many an airy round,
Deſcend and palpitate upon the ground.
‡ D'Avray is by a hoſtile ſabre ſlain,
Daubeterre beholds upon th' enſanguin'd plain;
Cloſe by his ſide his dauntleſs chiefs expire,
Victims or to the hoſtile ſword or fire;
Warriors whom Chabrillant, with Brancus leads,
How many Engliſh ſlain appeaſe your ſhades?
Mars, ſanguinary God, our thanks we pay,
That Colbert's noble ‖ race eſcap'd that day:
Ev'n wars fierce God in virtue takes delight,
Since §Guerchy 'ſcapes uninjur'd from the fight:

---

* Monſieur de Longaunay, colonel of the new grenadiers, died of his wounds after the battle.

† General officers, Meſſrs. de Puiſigur, de Meziere, de St. Sauveur, de St. George.

‡ The duke de Avray, colonel of the brown regiment.

‖ M. de Croiſſy, with his two ſons and his nephew, M. Dupleſſis Chatillon, was ſlightly wounded.

§ All the officers of his royal regiment were obliged, by their wounds, to quit the field: he alone eſcaped unhurt.

But

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But thou, ‖ brave Dache, what shall be thy fate?
'Tis heav'n's to shorten, or protract our date.
Hapless § Lutteaux, with wounds all cover'd o'er,
Striving to cure thee, art but tortures more:
You die in torments, while with ceaseless pray'r,
We importune the Gods your life to spare.
How many virtues does the tomb devour!
How brilliant youth is nipt, e'en in its flower!
What tears our bloody laurels should bedue,
Conquests so dearly bought, how should we rue?
Those valiant leaders perish in the field,
Our happy lives each day new pleasures yield;
Voluptuous ease and luxury unite,
To glut our souls with ev'ry soft delight.
This bliss our sov'reign purchas'd at the head
Of arm'd hosts, for this our warriors bled:
Upon their tombs let's strew each fragrant flow'r,
Let's save their names from black oblivion's power;
You who the thunder roll'd, who felt its rage,
* Thrice honour'd chief live in our grateful page.

‖ M. Dache ('tis generally written Dapchier) a lieutenant-general.

§ M. de Lutteaux, a lieutenant-general, who died in the surgeon's hands.

* M. du Brocard, field-marshal, and commander of the artillery.

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Is there a man with heart unfeeling curſt,
Sparing to praiſe, and prone to think the worſt,
Who led by ſordid jealouſy aſtray,
Can envy them the tribute which I pay?
If there is one whole breaſt ne'er learn'd to glow
At public good, or feel for public woe;
Who hears this praiſe with a neglectful ear,
Ungrateful men for Lewis learn to fear;
The fiery torrent ſpreading as it goes,
Fed with new fuel, ſtill more furious grows:
Not winter inundations, ſwell'd with rain,
Not tides impetuous of the roaring main,
Are half ſo rapid in their headlong courſe,
Or ruſh precipitate with ſuch a force,
As the battalion which in cloſe array,
Againſt our adverſe legions took its way;
They march'd with ſabres brandiſh'd o'er their head,
And cut a paſſage thro' the heaps of dead;
The god of battle for their ſide declar'd,
Our monarch ſaw the danger and repair'd.
His ſon, his only hope—lov'd Prince forbear,
Where do you haſte? Is life not worth your care?

The

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The Dauphin's danger only can inspire
Lewis with dread, the son † fears for the sire;
For both our warriors fear, that fear alone,
Touches their hearts, all other dreads unknown.
‡ Guards of the king, protectors brave of France,
Nation of heroes who in crouds advance,
Haste to the fight; 'tis your's to fix our fate,
Save Europe, save the king, the prince, and state.
March, houshold troops, vanquish without delay,
§ Your chiefs to certain conquest lead the way.
You hardy ‖ veterans, whose experienc'd bands
Lance distant death upon the hostile bands;
* Advance, you chosen troops, our army's boast,
With balls of fire annoy the adverse host;

---

‡ The king's guards, the gens d'armes, the light horse, the musqueteers, commanded by M. de Montesson, lieutenant-general, two battalions of the French and Swiss guards, &c.

§ The prince of Soubise and Mons. de Peguigny are here named in the original; the former undertook to second the count de la Mark in obstinately defending the post d'Anton: he afterwards headed the gens d'armes, whilst M. de Peguigny headed the light horse, which contributed not a little to the victory.

‖ The carbineers, a corps established by Lewis the XIVth; they fire with screwed carbines. Every body knows what high praises the king bestowed upon them in his letter.

* The horse grenadiers, commanded by the chevalier de Grille; they march at the head of the king's houshold troops.

† A cannon ball covered a man with dirt who stood between the king and the dauphin; and a servant of Mons. D'Argenson received a shot of a musquet just behind them.

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Squadrons of Lewis, crush those haughty foes,
Courage like your's they're worthy to oppose.
Richlieu, who flies where'er the hosts engage,
Valiant with knowledge, and with ardour sage,
Favourite of Love, by Mars to combat taught,
By wisdom's goddess to express each thought;
* He calls your bands; his soul discerning knows
From whence your enemies success arose;
Depending on your valour Richlieu flies,
And shews where you may win the victor's prize.
† La Mark, ‡ la Vauguion, chiefs renown'd in fight;
Valiant Choiseul endu'd with matchless might,
A turf retrenchment's weak defence oppose
Against the fury of their warlike foes;
Yet thus they stem the hostile torrent's force,
And stay an army in its headlong course.
D'Argenson, whom his father's presence fires,
Whose bosom ardent zeal for France inspires;

---

* A minister of state, who during the battle never once quitted the king, has used this expression concerning Mons. de Richlieu: *It was Mons. de Richlieu who gave this advice, and carried it into execution.*

† The count de la Marck at the post d'Antoin.

‡ M. La Vauguion, Choiseul, Meuse, &c. at the retrenchment raised in a hurry at the village of Fontenoy. Mons. de Crequi was not at that post, but headed the carbineers, as was said above.

Struck

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Struck with the danger of the beſt of kings,
Excited by the blood from whence he ſprings,
Attack'd three times that formidable band,
Which like a fiery rampart ſeem'd to ſtand;
Stop'd, he undaunted to the charge returns,
And with redoubl'd rage his boſom burns.
Thus battering rams with ſtrokes redoubled ply'd
A town, whoſe ramparts ſhook on every ſide.
That brilliant regiment, well known to fame *,
With which fam'd Catinat the foe o'ercame,
Came, ſaw, and fought; the glory they had gain'd,
More glory ſtill acquiring, they maintain'd.
Young Caſtilmoron, glorious was thy part,
In tender years you ſhew'd a manly heart;
† Your feeble arm from the ſtern Engliſh bore
The bloody ſtandard which they took before.

---

* Four ſquadrons of gens d'armes arrived after a ſeven hours march, and attacked the enemy.

† A mettleſome horſe had hurried the cornet into the Engliſh battalion. Monſ. de Caſtelmoron, who was then but fifteen years of age, accompanied with four more, went to retake it in the midſt of the enemy's camp. Monſ. de Bellay commanded the ſquadrons of gens d'arms; he had a horſe killed under him. The ſame accident happened to Monſ. de Chimenes, whilſt he was forming a brigade that had been put in diſorder.

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But Chevrier falls a victim to their ire,
And Love with sighs sees Monace expire.
Ye English, twice Du Guesclin feels your rage;
Shrink at that name, to you of dire presage.
What brilliant hero, 'midst the horrid fray,
Falls, and then rising, cuts himself a way.
‡ Biron, thy ancestors on Ivry's plain
Thus fought great Henry's empire to maintain.
Such Grillon was in worth and rank supream,
Amongst the valiant a distinguish'd name:
Such were Daumonts and Crequi's, chiefs renown'd;
The Montmorency's still with conquest crown'd;
Heroes who brightly shone in former days,
The sons now emulate their father's praise *.
Such was Turenne, who in the field of fame
Was taught by arms to win a deathless name,
Under another ‖ chief of Saxon birth,
Whose conquering arm with terror shook the earth.

---

‡ The duke of Biron commanded the infantry, when M. de Lutteaux was obliged to quit the field on account of his wounds; he charged successively at the head of almost all the brigades.

* M. de Luxemburgh, M. de Loigni and M. de Tingri.

‖ The duke of Saxe-weimar, under whom the viscount de Turenne made his first campaigns. The present M. de Turenne is descended from that great man.

When

When in another Lewis' glorious days,
Justice and Mars at once conspir'd to raise
Gallia to grandeur never known before,
And make the Austrian eagle cease to soar.
Can polish'd courtiers, us'd to soft delight,
Thus rush like lions furious to the fight?
How grace and valour happily combine!
How Boufflers, Meuze, d'Ayen and Duras shine!
At Lewis' voice intrepid troops advance;
Led by their king how great the sons of France!
They'll surely conquer headed by their sire,
No headlong instinct does his soul inspire;
Free from all passion, he, with mind serene,
Can o'er himself and over fortune reign;
His vigilance can suffer no surprise,
No error cast a mist before his eyes;
He marches like the cloud-compelling sire,
Hurling at Titans heaven's vindictive fire,
Whose boisterous rage he guided by a nod,
And in the storm with brow unruffled trod.
He marches thus; beneath his hosts the ground
Groans, and the noise is eccho'd all around;
The ocean roars; the Scheld its fountain's head
Astonish'd seeks; with darkness heaven's o'erspread.

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Beneath a cloud, which with a hideous roar
From northern caves the winds impetuous bore,
The Valois' conquerors enrag'd descend;
On you, * great duke, they cry'd, we all depend;
Rally your hardy legions to the fight,
Dutchmen, defend your barriers and your right.
Since peace, you English, fills you with alarms
Against a king who loves it turn your arms;
Will you his valour as his friendship fear?
In vain they urge, for Lewis soon draws near.
Their genius fails, the English lose the field,
† Fierceness to valour is constrain'd to yield.
The valiant Clare, who heads Hibernia's powers,
At once defends his country's cause and ours.
‡ Happy Helvetians, faithful race, and sage,
With France united during many an age,

---

* The duke of Cumberland.

† This reproach of ferocity is levelled at the soldiers alone, not at the officers, who are as generous as ours. I have been informed by letter, that when the English battalion filed off from Fontenoy, many of the soldiers belonging to that body cried out, no quarter.

‡ The regiments of Diesbatch, Betens, Courten, &c. with battalions of the Swiss guards.

Drawn

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Drawn up in close compacted firm array,
You follow where fierce § Neustrians lead the way.
‖ That Dane, that hero of immortal fame,
Who from the frozen north to Gallia came,
Beholds our nation with astonish'd eyes,
When suddenly he hears a thousand cries,
Or die, or to our force superior yield,
Lewis at length has won the bloody field.
Go, brave * d'Estree, the mighty work compleat;
Go, chain the foes who have escap'd from fate.
Let them implore his aid whom they defied,
To yield to him will scarce abate their pride †.
Swift after them these rapid warriors ride,
Who like the dragon ‡, formerly their guide,

---

§ The Norman regiment, which charged the English battalion a second time, at the same time that the houshold troops, the gens d'armes, the carbineers, &c. poured down upon it.

‖ M. de Lovendal.

* The count d'Estree at the head of his division, and M. de Brionne at the head of his regiment, had forced the English grenadiers sword in hand.

† Since the reign of St. Lewis, no king of France had in person defeated the English in a pitched battle.

‡ Some troops of dragoons were sent in pursuit of the enemy: that corps was commanded by the duke de Chevreuse, who had distinguished himself in the fight at Sahi, where he had received several wounds. The most probable opinion with regard to the etymology of the word dragoon is, that there was the figure of a dragoon upon their standards in the time of the marshal de Brissac, who raised that corps during the wars of Piemont.

Are

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Are prompt to fight on foot, or urge the ſteed
Againſt the foe, and noted for their ſpeed.
Thus in Numidia's plains, with rapid race,
Intrepid bands of hunters urge the chace;
Acroſs the field the foaming courſers bound,
They climb the hills, the foreſts they ſurround;
The ſnares are ſpread, the hunters watch with care,
And balls and pointed javelins pierce the air;
With wounds the bloody leopard's cover'd o'er,
Make the wide foreſts eccho with their roar;
Then to ſome ſhady wood's receſs repair,
To hide their rage, and howl in ſecret there.
Enough our foes as well as friends have bled,
Too long you walk on mountains of the dead.
§ Noailles, retire with your triumphant bands,
Mars overjoy'd ſees their victorious hands;
Draw to our camp thoſe tubes for ruin fram'd,
Whoſe thunder at our heads ſo long was aim'd.
Come, turn againſt the foe their hoſtile balls,
And with them batter Tournay's lofty walls;

§ The count de Noailles attacked the battalion of Engliſh infantry with a brigade of horſe, which afterwards took their artillery.

Tournay,

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Tournay, the Dutchman's barrier and retreat,
‖ Which was of Gallic monarchs once the seat.
Tournay surrenders, terrors * Ghent invade,
Disturb'd and restless the first † Charles's shade.
With dismal cries makes from the town retreat,
Where he was born to be by conquest great.
He flies, but what beholds the frighted ghosts?
Those spacious plains all cover'd by our host;
Routed and broke he sees the English bands,
Leaving their standards in our soldiers hands;
The Dutch in vain retiring from the stroke,
Whilst on the ground Ghent's ruin'd ramparts smoke,
The place that gave the ‡ first of Cæsar's birth,
By Lewis' car triumphant crush'd to earth.
Thrice happy French, 'tis not your only boast,
That to sure conquest Lewis led your host;

‖ Tournay was the principal city belonging to the French under the first race of their kings. The tomb of Childeric was found there.

* The city of Ghent was surrendered to his Majesty on the 11th of July, after Mons. de Chaila, at the head of the brigades of Crillon and Normandy, the regiment of Grassin, &c. had defeated a body of English.

† Charles the fifth was born at Tournay in the year 1500, on the 25th of February. Philip, arch duke of Austria, was his father, and Joan of Castile heiress to the crown of Spain, his mother.

‡ Of the modern Cesars, i. e. the emperors of Germany.

That

That bearing death and terror thro' the field,
He could with brow ſerene his thunder wield;
His greateſt triumph is, that, mild as brave,
He wept the ſlaughter'd foe he could not ſave:
That victor, modeſt with heroic mind,
Laviſh in others praiſe he praiſe declin'd;
And that he ſtrove, at once humane and brave,
To ſnatch the wounded warrior from the grave.
Thoſe mangled captives, by our ſoldiers born,
From hungry death's devouring jaws ſcarce torn,
The fury of the battle over, find
In the mild victors, benefactors kind.
Oh real greatneſs! Conqueſt ever bleſt!
Can any foe have ſuch a ruthleſs breaſt,
Our monarch's royal virtues not to own,
And wiſh to be the ſubject of his throne?
The empire ſoon with peace his arms ſhall bleſs,
Germans and Engliſh both his worth confeſs.
Bavaria wondering his exploits ſurvey'd,
And griev'd at having loſt his powerful aid.
Naples is ſafe, and Turin in alarms,
The kings, his allies, triumph by his arms;
To Seine from Ebro 'tis by all confeſt,
The firſt of heroes is of kings the beſt.

Kind

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Kind heaven our monarch with that title grace,
Dear to himſelf and to the human race,
That prize of virtue, higheſt pitch of fame,
The peace-maker's auguſt and holy name;
And may a life, on which our lives depend,
Be bleſt with eaſe, and to late time extend.
You warriors brave, who emulate your king,
The hero to his grateful people bring;
Palms in their hands, your fellow ſubjects burn
For your long wiſh'd for proſperous return;
Your wives and children, with your paſt diſtreſs
And danger terrified, around you preſs.
They haſte with ardour to your lov'd embrace,
With tears of joy to bathe each manly face.
Your wiſh'd return no longer then delay,
Kind love prepares the prize of worth to pay.

EPISTLE

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EPISTLE wrote in Anſwer to a LETTER, with which the King of PRUSSIA honoured the Author upon his Acceſſion to the Throne.

BECOME a monarch, doſt thou condeſcend:
Still to regard a poet as a friend?
Juſt when that happy morn's auſpicious ray
To the world promiſes ſo bright a day!
A day that proves thee good as well as great.
Doſt thou reſolve to make my bliſs compleat?
Oh truly royal ſoul above all pride!
By thine my want of greatneſs is ſupply'd:
Superior to all prepoſſeſſion weak,
The language of the heart you nobly ſpeak.
The generous ſentiments your lines expreſs,
Shew you were born the human race to bleſs.
Illuſtrious prince, whoſe virtues we admire,
Triumphant reign, as you have wrote with fire.
Continue by thy reign the world to bleſs,
Prevailing vice each king ſwears to repreſs;

But

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But you by oaths your ſacred promiſe bind,
Arts to protect and love the human kind.
* And thou whoſe worth did perſecuted ſhine;
Deem'd atheiſt, bleſs'd with wiſdom's lore divine;
Martyr to reaſon, againſt whom combin'd
Fell envy's furious rage with error blind;
Return, who ſpeak the truth fear nothing now,
The crown adorns a philoſophic brow.
That gold amaſs'd, the life-blood of each ſtate,
Which ſtagnated precipitates their fate;
Pour'd out diſcreetly by his prudent hand,
Revives and ſpreads abundance thro' the land.
He aims not idly to amuſe the ſight
With uſeleſs ſoldiers of gigantic height;
Thro' ev'ry clime with care prepoſt'rous ſought,
Coloſſus's † of war too dearly bought;
Courage and ardour us'd alone to prize,
He judges not of ſoldiers by their ſize.

---

* The profeſſor Wolfius, who was proſecuted as an atheiſt by the divines of the univerſity of Hall, baniſhed by Frederick the Second, made liable to be executed as a criminal if he returned, and created chancellor of the ſame univerſity at the acceſſion of Frederick III.

† One of theſe ſoldiers, who went by the name of Little John, coſt 24000 livres.

Thus

Thus thinks the juſt, the wiſe thus rules a ſtate;
But more's requir'd to make man truly great:
Who does what right and equity ordain,
Makes but a ſtep immortal praiſe to gain;
The juſt is oft auſtere, oft ſad the wiſe,
In other ſentiments true greatneſs lies;
The conqueror's dreaded, and eſteem'd the ſage,
But benefactors every heart engage;
'Tis not in time their glory to deface,
Their names renown'd reach every future race.
What fame to him can great exploits impart,
Who reigns triumphant in each ſubject's heart?
Trajan not far from Ganges ſtream renown'd,
In chains the hands of thirty monarchs bound;
And yet from conqueſt he derives no fame,
His goodneſs has immortaliz'd his name.
Ne'er for Jeruſalem in aſhes laid
Was homage to the name of Titus paid.
Belov'd by all men he was truly great.
Oh you, who ſuch bright virtue emulate,
A virtue more heroic ſtill diſplay,
And ne'er like Titus weep to loſe a day.

EPISTLE

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EPISTLE II.

To the KING of PRUSSIA.

YOU ſcoffers, who ſit in the critical chair;
You witlings malignant, who no man can ſpare;
Who, proud and loquacious, your ignorance diſplay,
And monarchs preſume in the ballance to weigh;
Who in language pedantic, erroneous and vain,
That a ſcholar can ne'er be a hero maintain;
Ye caitiffs, on heroes and poets ſevere,
Ye cenſors of kings, to Sileſia repair.
Near Neiſs ſee a hundred battalions defeated;
Behold there the chief you ſo rudely have treated.
'Tis he, 'tis the man, who, with genius profound,
The circle of art and ſcience went round;
Who could the receſſes of nature pervade,
And bigots confound, whoſe religion's their trade;
Who in ſmall things as happy as great knows to pleaſe,
At a feaſt by politeneſs, and freedom, and eaſe;
Who knows all things, in all things alike can ſucceed,
Shines in ſports and in fields, and rides Pegaſus ſteed.

Turenne,

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Turenne, nor Guſtavus, nor Sweden's fam'd king,
E'er taſted, 'tis true, of fam'd Helicon's ſpring.
But theſe heroes untinctur'd with learned lore,
Were ne'er for that cauſe deem'd illuſtrious the more.
So common a greatneſs brave Frederick declines,
By turns like Achilles and Homer he ſhines;
The Auſtrians and dunces alike he confounds,
And in ſarcaſms as much as in projects abounds;
Fills Vienna with dread, Rome's encroachments re-
ſtrains,
And like a true hero ſpeaks, writes, fights and reigns.
Oh prince fam'd for courage, in talents ſo bright,
No longer by daring fill my ſoul with affright;
And with all your wiſdom and knowledge reflect,
Cannon balls have for perſons but little reſpect;
And that, forc'd from a tube by exploſion, baſe lead
May ſweep at a ſtroke the moſt fam'd hero's head;
When its weight ſtill increas'd by ſo rapid a courſe,
It every moment increaſes in force.
What becomes then that ſpirit, that volatile flame,
Sprung from organs of ſenſe and a periſhing frame;
That being which vainly would its nature explore,
Which like fire awhile blazes, and then is no more?

Then,

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Then ſome ſurgeon accurſt, one of Atropos' train,
Might diſſect the remains of the brave monarch ſlain;
Behold, might he ſay, the brain where was found
Such ſtore of ideas, ſo much ſcience profound;
That noble heart's fibres might diſplay to the ſight,
Which in life all great qualities once did unite;
He might cut—but ſuch images dire muſt not ſtain
My page, which his praiſes alone ſhould contain.
You deities juſt, noble Frederick defend,
The bliſs of mankind does on Frederick depend.
Live, prince, both in peace and in war to do more,
Than the princes of Europe could e'er do before;
For I'll prophecy boldly, in time 'twill appear,
That a ſtar half ſo bright ne'er adorned the ſphere.
But when you by conqueſt on conqueſt obtain'd,
Increaſe of your glory and empire have gain'd,
Forget not the bard, who dar'd once in weak lays
Your great deeds to preſage, and your virtues to praiſe;
Recollect that, in ſpight of your ſovereign command,
His friend you have ſign'd yourſelf under your hand.
Farewell, victor, deep vers'd in the ſtateſman's fam'd art,
Thirty kingdoms ſubdu'd are outweigh'd by a heart.

EPISTLE

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EPISTLE III.

FROM the German chief of ſuch fame and renown,
The brighteſt of monarchs that e'er wore a crown,
For theſe three months paſt, a moſt tedious long time,
I have not heard once or in proſe or in rhyme:
My muſe is oppreſs'd with a lethargy deep,
But the din of fierce war will ſoon rouſe her from ſleep;
Surpris'd ſhe will hear the loud accents of fame,
Amidſt ſtern alarms, your valour proclaim,
With a voice ſo ſonorous, it cannot be drown'd
By the thunder of cannons and the trumpet's ſhrill ſound.
This rambling goddeſs I ſee thro' the air,
With poſt-haſte from Berlin to Paris repair,
And Frederick and Lewis's glory reſound
From the north to the ſouth, and the whole world round.

Thoſe

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Thoſe names, which the hand of true glory has trac'd
In letters of fire, which can ne'er be effac'd;
Names which, whilſt they united in friendſhip remain,
In concord and peace can all Europe maintain.
What happy bard then ſhall the heavenly muſe,
To ſing the great deeds of theſe fam'd heroes, chuſe?
What poet ſhall ſtrive in his well-poliſh'd lays,
The worth of theſe two mighty monarchs to praiſe?
You who bear, like Achilles, the lance and the lyre,
You only can ſing your atchievements with fire;
Whoſe ſoul genius warms whenever you write;
Who with ardour compoſe, as with ardour you fight;
And write both in verſe and in elegant proſe,
With the ſame eaſe you take the ſtrong towns of your foes.
In happily copying Horace, you ſhine
With his gayety, wit, and his graces divine;
But your muſe, in ſome points that come home to man's breaſt,
Muſt ever to his be ſuperior confeſt.
The emperor protected the bard in paſt days,
The emperor's ſelf to protect is your praiſe.

Son

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Son of Mars and Calliope, favourite of fame,
Who add a new luſtre to either great name,
Europe's peace by your conquering arm maintain,
And do not to ſport with the muſes diſdain;
And when your victorious legions ſhall place
The throne of the Cæſar's on an unſhaken baſe;
When the haraſs'd Hungarians, ſecure from alarms,
Their vineyards ſhall prune, unmoleſted by arms;
When all nations ſhall drink the rich wines of Tokay,
And the peace-makers ſing with hearts jovial and gay;
Great Frederick to Berlin with ſpeed ſhall repair,
And the joy of his triumphs his true ſubjects ſhall ſhare;
And by a new opera, of his own writing,
Himſelf ſhall exhibit his atchievements in fighting.
Each author your merit will loudly proclaim,
For tho' we ſtill envy each rival his fame,
That bard with applauſe muſt by all men be read,
By whom an arm'd hoſt of ten myriads is led.
But by merit like your's no ſuch aid is requir'd,
Were you like Homer poor, you'd like him be admir'd.

Excuſe

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Excuſe me then if, by your goodneſs excited,
I oft write you letters in ſuch terms indited,
As ſhew that in you 'tis the wit I addreſs,
Not the monarch whom all men a hero confeſs.
The north, whilſt your ſquadrons to battle you led,
In you ſaw a warriour that fill'd them with dread;
But I ſee in you, whom I nearly have known,
The moſt amiable king that e'er ſat on a throne.

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EPISTLE IV.

* To the DUKE of SULLY.

GREAT duke, with every talent grac'd,
With genius, candour, virtue, taſte;
Whoſe cloudleſs temper, noble heart,
To pleaſure dignity impart;
Make wiſdom loſe its brow ſevere,
And pleaſe by an engaging air.
I'll viſit ſoon your country ſeat,
Still to the muſe a lov'd retreat;
There I ſhall find a high delight,
To talk, at the approach of night,
Of muſic, verſes, lovers flames:
But not a word of Law's deep ſchemes †;

* Written at Paris, Auguſt 18, 1720.
† Mr. Law's ſyſtem, which turned France topſy-turvy in 1720.

That

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That ſyſtem ſo much fam'd, by which
The farmers-general grew rich,
And did their pelſs, thro' pure good will,
With all the nation's money fill.
The ſybil thus, in times of old,
As in great Maro's page we're told,
No other treaſure e'er poſſeſſing,
But the black art and ſkill at gueſſing,
Gives to Æneas oaken leaves,
From him the golden bough receives.
Perhaps, with anguiſh in my heart,
I ſhortly ſhall the news impart,
That the old gouty bard is dead,
Whoſe works, like Chapelle's, will be read;
Chaulieu ſhall quit this earthly ſphere,
And ſoon before his judge appear;
And if a muſe, whoſe poliſh'd lays
And numbers ſmooth all readers praiſe,
Salvation can on ſouls beſtow,
He ſurely will to heaven go.
The curate came the other day,
Whilſt in the agony he lay,
And gave, with ceremonious face,
His paſſport to a better place.

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He saw his sins wash'd white as snow
By a repentant word or so,
And then receiv'd, with reverence due,
That which I need not name to you;
He made besides an exhortation,
Most highly suited to th' occasion.
He pardon ask'd, and own'd his fault,
That he too much false glory sought;
For pride, he candidly confest,
Reign'd much too powerful in his breast.
Poets are ever slaves to fame,
They labour for an empty name;
From vanity, all men agree,
Preachers and bards are seldom free.
Yet his pride can't the world prevent
So great a poet to lament;
His loss will make Parnassus groan;
For he was left, and left alone,
Of all the bards, whose deathless strain
Immortaliz'd great Lewis' reign.
But in the present age, 'tis said,
Our youth grown tasteless and ill-bred,
Have luxury exchang'd for pleasure,
And idleness for that sage leisure,

Which

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Which men, with learned eaſe content,
In conſtant meditation ſpent.
Genonville, firſt of ſonneteers,
Who worthy of that age appears,
Seems in great haſte to quit the town,
And to your country ſeat go down.
The ſyſtem has not four'd his ſpirit,
He ſtill is amiable, has merit;
Still he has elegance of ſtile,
He ſtill can gaily talk and ſmile;
My miſtreſs charms he has enjoy'd,
With which I never could be cloy'd;
He makes a jeſt of this black treaſon,
And I might angry be with reaſon;
But in this world, friend with friend
For trifles never ſhould contend.

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EPISTLE V.

To the Duke de la Feuillade.

PRESERVE, my lord, with ceaſeleſs care,
Luxuriant fancy's ſallies rare;
Pleaſantry and true humour too,
In which all men muſt yield to you;
Your conſtitution boaſt no more,
For none think with you on that ſcore.
A lady, who long ſince has known
Your perſon, as it were her own,
Declares you well may counterfeit;
For, tho your mind's in ſpring of wit,
Tho' earthly part even now appears
In the full autumn of its years.
Then governor of high renown
Farewell; you rule not o'er a town,
But o'er a beauty heavenly bright,
Who charms the heart as well as ſight;

Who

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Who by her free, licentious ſpirit,
Does honour to her teacher's merit;
But pray, leaſt Venus ſhould depute
In your place, ſome young ſubſtitute,
Leaſt ſhe ſhould let ſome luſty blade
So fine a government invade.

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EPISTLE VI.

To Marshal VILLARS.*

'TIS true, I had some hopes of late
Of tasting, at your country seat,
Social enjoyment, sweet repose;
But † Vinache does my views oppose;
So for a meer quack I neglected
A hero by all France respected.
I may offend by what I've said,
And should not speak of fear or dread,
To him who ne'er thought life worth care,
But instant death sought every where.
Do not into a passion fly,
And you shall hear the reason why.
You well may risk your life; but I
Have no great cause to wish to die;

* Written in 1721.
† An empiric.

For

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For ſhould you in your glorious courſe
Fall by ſome ball's reſiſtleſs force,
Convey'd to Pluto's dreary coaſt,
What conſolations wait your ghoſt!
With tranſport it would hear related,
How men your funeral celebrated;
Maſs on th' occaſion had been ſaid,
In honour of th' illuſtrious dead;
And ſome dull prelate to the crowd
Had trumpeted your praiſe aloud,
In a diſcourſe, not written by him,
But bought, or people much bely him...
Then at St. Denis' church in ſtate
You'd be interr'd amongſt the great.
But ſhould poor I, nor great nor brave,
With Charon paſs the Stygian wave,
I without pomp would be convey'd;
On a vile bier, my body laid,
Two prieſts would to the church-yard bear,
And lay it in ſome corner there.
My nieces, and my worthy * brother,
Who for Janſenius makes ſuch pother,

* The author had a brother, treaſurer to the chamber of accompts, who was a bigotted Janſeniſt, and who always quarrelled with him whenever he ſpoke well of the Jeſuits.

Wou'd laugh to ſee me laid in earth;
My burial would excite their mirth:
And all the honour ever paid
On earth to my departed ſhade,
Would be ſome epitaph ſevere,
Compos'd my memory to tear.
From what has then been ſaid 'tis plain,
That I ſhould longer here remain,
Thoſe deeds of high renown to view,
Which yet ſhall be atchiev'd by you.

EPISTLE

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EPISTLE VII.

To Madam de GONDOIN, afterwards Countess of TOULOUSE, upon the danger she had been exposed to in passing the Loire in 1719.

WHILST in a storm such risk you run,
Know you in Sully what was done?
The rogue Marigni, with a laugh
Malicious, wrote your epitaph;
The waves, said he, will soon restore
The body they o'erwhelm'd before;
And then, said he, will be reveal'd
To sight what she thro' pride conceal'd:
But Espar, Guiche, la Valiere,
And Sully wept for one so dear;
Roussi did nothing else but swear,
The abbé Courtin wip'd a tear;

Perceiving

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Perceiving your laſt hour draw nigh,
Devoutly pray'd to the moſt high;
Between his lips ſome prayer he mutter'd,
And tho' the words he faintly utter'd,
His voice devoutly in his throat
Quiver'd with many a thrilling note.
But what a ſight, with glad ſurprize,
Strikes ſuddenly my wondering eyes,
A thouſand loves on every ſide
Oppoſe the fury of the tide,
Combat the winds impetuous rage,
And ſtrive their fury to aſſwage;
I ſee them round your veſſel ſwim,
The ſurface of the water ſkim;
Still ſtruggling with the boiſterous tide,
Your veſſel to the ſhore they guide.
Gondoin, the time which love has lent,
Muſt in love's ſervice all be ſpent;
Love for himſelf preſerv'd your days,
And a juſt claim he to them lays.

EPISTLE

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*EPISTLE VIII.

To Monſieur GENONVILLE, occaſioned by a Diſeaſe.

IMPUTE me not friend, a ſelf-love ſo extreme,
Like Chaulieu, to make myſelf always my theme;
But let me that exquiſite pleaſure enjoy,
Of friendly converſe which never can cloy;
When thought meets with thought, o'er the lip it depart,
And each utters freely what he feels in his heart.
You remember, my friend, how my muſe in weak lays,
Whilſt yet I was young made ſome efforts for praiſe;
You ſaw calumny vile, all her ſnakes on her creſt,
The ſpring of my genius with malice infeſt:
In a horrible dungeon unjuſtly confin'd,
Amidſt my misfortunes with ſpirit reſign'd;

* Written in the year 1719.

From

From evil I learn'd to gather ſome good,
And the ſtrokes of adverſity bravely withſtood;
With a conſtancy which I could never preſage,
From the levity common in ſo tender an age:
Why have I not ſince been as reſolute found?
At ſlighter attacks I have oft given ground.
How often with tears love has made my eyes flow,
Falſe rogue as you are, without doubt you muſt know;
You, who with an addreſs which muſt needs be admir'd,
The poſſeſſion of what I love moſt have acquir'd;
Who ſeiz'd on my miſtreſs, and was not content
To get her with eaſe, and her lover's conſent:
But I lov'd you, falſe friend, notwithſtanding your fault,
I forgot and forgave as a good chriſtian ought.
Ah! why do I dwell on ideas long paſt?
Love once was my bliſs, but that bliſs could not laſt.
Now a cruel diſeaſe undermines my whole frame,
And it ſhortly, perhaps, will extinguiſh life's flame;
The fates have, I doubt, almoſt ſpun out my thread,
And to all ſenſe of pleaſure my organs are dead;
I feel with ſurpriſe that I'm void of deſire,
And my heart glows no longer with love's vivid fire:

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A chaos of thought quite perplexes my head,
My present state's bad, and the future I dread;
To increase my affliction, my memory's employ'd
On ideas of bliss that can't now be enjoy'd:
But what still is worse, I perceive it apace,
That my mental endowments begin to decrease;
The particle subtile of heav'nly fire,
Before my corporeal frame does expire:
And can this then be th' emanation so bright,
Which flows from the great source of all mental light?
Which lives when our bodies are laid in the earth,
With the organs of sense ev'ry mind has its birth;
With them it grows up, and with them feels decrease,
And shall its existence like their's at length cease:
I know not, but I have good hope it will brave
Death, the ruins of time, and the jaws of the grave;
And that an intelligent sustance so pure,
The Almighty intended should always endure.

EPISTLE

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*EPISTLE IX.

To the † Countess of FONTAINE-MARTEL.

FAIR Martel you must ever seem
Worthy of most profound esteem;
'Tis at the suppers which you give,
I justly may be said to live;
For there I cannot ever miss
Pleasure, the only real bliss:
Sometimes I scold you, I must own,
But for that freedom still atone:
When I above the sex extol,
And own that you are worth them all;
In you a sight most rare we see,
A woman from all foibles free;

* Written in 1732.

† The countess of Fontaine-martel, daughter to the president Desbourdaux. She was exactly such as she is represented here. Affability and pleasure reigned in her house.

You

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You by the charms of wit engage,
And reaſon like an antient ſage:
Your wiſdom's not that harpy dire,
Whom rancour and fell rage inſpire.
Envy's ſad ſiſter, that with eyes
Malignant, into all things pries;
Who like a hag with ceaſeleſs rage,
Rails at the pleaſures of the age.
But that bleſs'd wiſdom, which with eaſe
The humours of all men can pleaſe,
Which makes life's every moment charm,
And of its darts can death diſarm.
On all ſides, madam, you behold
Beauties, when ugly grown and old,
Becauſe by lovers they're neglected,
Turn ſaints at laſt to be reſpected.
But you more knowing, juſtly ſhun
The error into which they run;
You don't in Virgil's paſs the night,
In chearful ſuppers you delight,
The pleaſing ſallies of the muſe,
Inſtead of caſuiſts you peruſe,
And in the place of Monk elect,
Voltaire your conſcience to direct;

Preferring

Preferring ſtill, as foe to care,
The opera houſe to houſe of prayer;
But that which makes my bliſs compleat,
With you, bleſs'd freedom, ſeeks retreat,
That goddeſs bright, whoſe brow ſerene,
And lively eyes all hearts muſt gain,
Whom geſtures free, and eaſy air,
Nor prude, nor yet coquet declare;
Decent, but not at all demure,
That can a double ſenſe endure,
And hear thoſe words without a frown,
Which make ſeverer dames look down.
Her ſiſter goddeſs blythe as fair,
Heart-eaſing mirth inhabits there,
Mirth, who in repartee delights,
Whoſe ſatyr pleaſes, never bites,
Who ſometimes into ridicule,
May turn a blockhead, or a fool,
And makes the wiſe in proper place,
Relax the muſcles of his face.
On you may heaven its gifts beſtow,
And make completely bleſs'd below,
One who even in her life's decline,
Does others in its ſpring outſhine.

EPISTLE

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*EPISTLE XI.

Written from Plombieres to Mr. Pallu, Intendant of Lyons.

FROM the bottom of that ſtony cavern I write,
Which lies between two craggy mountains vaſt height;
Where the ſky is ſtill black, and with clouds overcaſt,
And thunders oft burſt midſt the tempeſts rude blaſt;
Cloſe to a hot bath, which ſtill boils up and ſmoaks,
Where crowds of the ſick are brought wrapt up in cloaks;
Where the ſplenetic mortal, diſorder'd in brain,
Talks of his diſeaſe in the medical ſtrain,
Bathes himſelf and beſmoaks, and in hopes of a cure,
Can exquiſite tortures with patience endure.
From this cavern, to which hags in crowds each day repair,
And expect to become once more youthful and fair;

* Written in 1729.

Of

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Of virgins a few, a great number who fain,
Their virginity loſt many years would regain;
Where their health to recover, or led by meer fancy,
Old cits in the ſtage coach come often from Nancy;
And of Commercy monks, a moſt numerous train,
Who appear from their manners the ſons of Lorraine.
From this place, where languor and ſpleen ſtill refort,
By letter at Paris I make my report:
Tho' Phœbus forſakes and inſpires me no more,
The aid of the graces and loves I implore;
I will frankly own they ſcarce know me by ſight,
But it is to the learned Pallu I write:
Alcibiades * too his injunction has laid,
Who at court ſo much grace and ſuch talents diſplay'd,
Gay, generous, and brave, but prone ſtill to changing,
From beauty to beauty capriciouſly ranging;
Who, like Cupid, poſſeſſes the dangerous art,
Of ſeducing by gentle perſuaſion each heart:
Cur'd by length of time, or by ſome ſerious paſſion,
Of falſehood, a vice that's ſo much in the faſhion;
In love he appears to have turn'd out of late,
A model in every reſpect quite compleat;

* The duke of Richelieu.

Who

Who ſuch an extraordinary change brought about,
Let me gueſs e'er ſo long I can never find out;
But illuſtrious fair one, the pow'r of your eyes
Muſt ſurely be great to have won ſuch a prize:
Peradventure ſome women a choice might have made,
Of a cleverer and a more promiſing blade.
To Hercules liker in ſinew and bone,
Like Celadon to the ſoft paſſion more prone;
But thro' the whole world cou'd ſhe ever find
One worthier of love amongſt all human kind?
For where, dereſt madam, can you e'er hope to meet,
One that's like him, a friend, both reſerv'd and diſcreet?
In whom the old courtier's politeneſs refin'd,
With the graces and ſprightlineſs of youth is combin'd,
Whoſe converſe all mortals muſt equally pleaſe,
With vivacity mixing an elegant eaſe;
Whoſe nat'ral vein of true humour and wit,
Muſt the taſte of all ranks and all genius's fit:
And does he not merit the praiſe of the nation,
Who after three whole years of negotiation,
That formality proud, and thoſe airs ne'er contracted,
Which envoys aſſume when affairs are tranſacted?
In this picture faithful from flatt'ry free,
Muſt not every eye Alcibiades ſee?

EPISTLE

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EPISTLE XII.

To Monſieur DE FORMONT, with the Works of DESCARTES and MALLEBRANCHE.

SWEET bard, who with reaſon can ryhme reconcile,
Philoſopher bleſt with the graces of ſtyle;
Your works Epicurus and Apollo inſpire,
One teaches to reaſon, one fills you with fire:
I renounce fam'd Mallebranche, and his learned lumber,
Such a dreamer obſcure only teaches to ſlumber.
Of pure ſpirit, 'tis true, he has made a great pother,
But in fact underſtands it no more than another;
And what he aſſerts without doubt is too bold,
That with God in his glory we converſe may hold;
Nor can Deſcartes viſion, romantic and vain,
A much greater degree of my credit obtain;
His new law affords but a faint ray of light,
Inſtead of aſſiſting he dazzles our ſight.

Thro'

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hro' all nature's works, so obscure and so dark,
e here and there strikes out a glittering spark;
ur fore-fathers errors he gravely refutes,
nd in their room others as great substitutes:
hus from the store-house of his prolific brain,
Vith air most important, and labour most vain,
aterials he takes a new system to raise,
skill equal to his even Bridoye displays.
arewell my dear friend, I to Sylvia repair,
n hours conversation with the young and the fair;
ore compleat satisfaction imparts to my mind,
han in any philosopher's system I find,
ut tho' I'm enraptur'd with her charms divine,
nust own I to question her faith much incline;
ut I ardently love her, and will always be blind
o her ev'ry fault while she shews herself kind.

EPISTLE

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EPISTLE XIII.*

To Monſieur HENAUT, the Preſident.

YOU who the errors have reform'd,
By which chronology's deform'd;
Who wand'ring thro' poetic ground,
Gather'd the faireſt flow'rs you found;
Who couldſt ſagaciouſly explore
The depths of philoſophic lore,
And have not miſemploy'd your leiſure,
For all th' allurements of ſoft pleaſure:
Henaut, I beg thee to impart,
The ſecret or the magic art;
By which with glory crown'd you quell,
The rage of envy, monſter fell;
Whilſt I, plac'd in a lower ſphere,
Whom envy never ſhould come near;

* Written at Luneville, on the 8th of November, 1748.

The

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The fury ſee where'er I tread,
Pour all her poiſons on my head:
We ſhould not eagerly ſeek fame,
I weakly ſtrove to fix my name,
On memory's temple walls, whilſt you
Wiſely from fools and noiſe withdrew:
I labour'd glory to ſecure,
You ſhun'd her, but you made her ſure.
An oak with leafy honours crown'd,
May reign o'er all the trees around;
To all its boughs is honour paid,
Men dance beneath the ſacred ſhade:
But ſhou'd a blade of graſs be ſeen,
To riſe o'er others on the green;
Its trifling height offends each eye,
Men tear it up and throw it by.
I pity the poor author's fate,
Whom all men envy, ſcorn, or hate;
The author who deſires repoſe,
Muſt ſhun all others as his foes;
Montagne, who could each reader pleaſe,
By depth of reaſon, chearful eaſe,
Retiring to his antient ſeat,
From critic malice made retreat;

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Doubting of all things, laugh'd at fools,
Who argue gravely in the schools:
But when his pupil Charon fam'd,
With method and reserve declaim'd,
And lectures upon wisdom gave,
Like a professor learn'd and grave;
He narrowly escap'd his fate,
Pursu'd by theologic hate;
Upon occasion, time, and place,
Depend your glory or disgrace:
One day by all your idoliz'd,
The next insulted and despis'd.
Capricious Greece in former days,
To Pyrrho did a statue raise,
Whilst Socrates, who spoke so well,
A martyr to right reason fell:
Thrice happy, who to all unknown,
Lives useful to himself alone.
By friendship only man is bless'd,
But envious rivals break his rest;
Glory at rest cannot remain,
And wit is the possessor's bane:
'Tis often like a wanton wife,
A torment of the owner's life;

The

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The wife muſt have her gallant ſtill,
Let the good man ſay what he will:
A welcome all that offer find,
To every other man ſhe's kind.
Thus ſhe by others is enjoy'd,
The huſband's by poſſeſſion cloy'd;
But let us change a note ſo ſad,
Is then to pleaſe a lot ſo bad;
Envy's a neceſſary ill,
It ſpurs us on to virtue ſtill;
The noble ſoul in virtue's courſe,
Is hereby urg'd with double force.
Hence Hercules acquired a name,
And Maro Mævius urg'd to fame:
For vain diſcourſe what need I care,
It paſſes like the idle air;
I live thrice happy in this court,
Where broils and trouble ne'er reſort,
No jealous cares e'er give me pain,
The monarch has no courtly train;
With Boufflers and Emilia fair,
Living I'm bleſs'd beyond compare:
Their converſe fills me with delight,
Then I may envy well excite.

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THE

TEMPLE OF TASTE*.

THAT cardinal o'er all the realm
Rever'd, not he who holds the helm,
But he who o'er Parnassus reigns,
Renown'd for his harmonious strains;
The patron whom all bards respect,
Who can instruct them and protect,
Whose eloquence we all admire,
Who with a true poetic fire,
In Latin verse can reason right,
Plato with Virgil can unite,
Who vindicates high heaven to man,
And quite subverts Lucretius's plan †.

That

* This work was composed in 1731. Several editions of it have been published; but that of which we here give a translation, is by all means the best and most correct.

† The cardinal Polignac wrote a Latin poem against Lucretius.

No

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That cardinal, whom every one must know by this picture, desired me one day to accompany him to the Temple of Taste. 'Tis a place, said he, which resembles the Temple of Friendship, which every body speaks off, which few visit, and which most of those who travel to it, have never thoroughly examined.

I answer'd frankly, I must own,
To me taste's laws are little known,
To favour you that God inclines,
He to your hands the keys consigns;
You are his vicar here deputed,
And o'er his church Pope constituted.
In furious fret all Rome may rage,
And rave at this my honest page;
But there's a difference very plain,
'Twixt you and Rome's Pope, I'll maintain;
For Sorbonne's doctors all aver
God's vicar upon earth may err:

No man of learning is unacquainted with these lines at the opening of it.

Pieridum si forte lepos austera canentes,
Deficit, eloquio victi re vincimus ipsa.

Tho' in poetic grace our lines may fail,
By solid argument we must prevail.

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But when I hear you reaſon ſtrong,
I think you can't be in the wrong;
So juſt your reaſoning, wit ſo bright,
You ſeem infallible outright.

Ah, replied he, at Rome infallibility is confined to things which men do not comprehend: in the Temple of Taſte, it concerns what all think they underſtand. You muſt poſitively come with me. But, continued I, if you carry me with you, I will make it my public boaſt.

I ſhall be importun'd I'm ſure,
To write a volume on this tour:
Voltaire's account ſhall be at beſt,
But a ſhort narrative in jeſt.
But town and court will, without fail,
Loudly at the relation rail;
The court will murmur, and the town
Will, as a fibber, run me down;
As one who talks with ſerious air
Of places, when he ne'er was there,
And readers better to engage,
Tells a flat lie in ev'ry page.

However,

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However, as we ſhould never refuſe ourſelves an innocent pleaſure, for fear others ſhould think ill of us, I followed the guide who did me the honour to be my conductor.

Abbe with taſte and genius fraught,
With us the ſacred ſhrine you ſaught;
You, who with ſage enlighten'd mind,
At once both knowing and refin'd,
Have, by example, ſhewn the way
Which we may take, nor fear to ſtray,
When in purſuit of taſte we go,
That God which wits ſo ſeldom know.

In our journey we had many difficulties to encounter. We firſt of all met with Meſſrs. Baldus, Scioppius, Lecicocraſſus, Scriblerius, and a crowd of commentators, who made it their buſineſs to reſtore paſſages, and compile volumes upon a word which they did not underſtand.

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* Dacier, † Salmasius the profound,
With learned lumber stor'd I found;
Their faces wan, their fire quite spent,
With poring o'er Greek authors bent.
Soon as the squalid troop I spied,
I rais'd my voice, and to them cry'd,
To Taste's fam'd Temple do you bend?
No, sir, we no such thing intend.
What others have with care express'd,
With accuracy we digest,

---

* Dacier was a man of great learning. He was perfectly acquainted with every thing in ancient authors, except their grace and elegance. His commentaries are replete with erudition, but destitute of taste. He has translated the most refined strokes of Horace like a pedant. When Horace says to his mistress, "Miseri quibus intentata nites," Dacier translates this passage, "Wretched are they who suffer themselves to be allured "by the calm, without knowing you." He translates, "Nunc "est bibendum, nunc pede libero pulsanda tellus." "Now is "the time to drink and dance till we are tired, without being "under any apprehensions." "Mox juniores quærit adulteros." He translates thus, "They are no sooner married, but they look "out for new gallants." But tho' he has disfigured Horace, and tho' his notes shew him to be a man of much learning, but little genius, his work abounds with useful researches, and his industry is highly commendable.

† Salmasius is a learned author, whom nobody reads. He begins his defence of Charles II. in this manner: The English, who play at tennis with the heads of kings, who play bowls with crowns, and who use sceptres as so many baubles.

On

On others thoughts we ſpend our ink,
But we for our part never think.

After this ingenuous confeſſion, theſe gentlemen would have had us read ſome paſſages of Dictys, of Crete, and Metrodorus of Lampſachus, which Scaliger had ſpoiled: We thanked them for their kind offer, and continued our journey. We had not walked a hundred ſteps, when we met a perſon ſurrounded with painters, architects, carvers, gilders, pretended connoiſſeurs, and flatterers. They turned their backs to the Temple of Taſte.

With air important, pride repos'd,
His face with gravity compos'd,
And Craſſus ſnoaring, cry'd, I've ſtore
Of gold, of wit and genius more:
With taſte, ſir, I am amply fraught,
I know all things, yet ne'er was taught;
I'm ſkill'd in council and affairs,
In ſpight of tempeſts and corſairs;
My veſſel ſafe to port I've brought,
With pyrates, and with winds I've fought,

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A palace, therefore, I ſhall raiſe,
Which ev'ry man of taſte will praiſe,
Where ev'ry art ſhall be diſplay'd,
Which ſhall with wonder be ſurvey'd:
The money's ready, no delay,
He ſaid and ſlept, they all obey:
This is no ſooner ſaid than done,
To labour all the workmen run.
To a Vitruvius pride erects
One of our modern architects,
Reſolving to do ſomething new,
A plan too much adorn'd he drew;
No porch or front the pile could ſhew,
But your eye meets an endleſs Row,
Your walls not thick, your cloſets great,
Your Salon without depth compleat;
Windows each one of which appears,
Like a church door and little peers;
Gilt, wainſcoated, and painted white,
It ſhall with wonder ſtrike the ſight.
Wake, ſir, a painter cry'd aloud,
Be to my art juſt praiſe allow'd;
The ſkill of Raphael ne'er was ſuch,
He had not half ſo ſoft a touch.

To

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To nature I can give new grace,
And cover all the cielings ſpace,
With various figures, which the ſight
Beholds at diſtance with delight.
Craſſus awaking, took the plan,
And to examine it began:
Having at length the whole inſpected,
At random he its faults corrected;
Then glaſs in hand a connoiſſeur
Said, look upon this picture, ſir;
Buy it, ſir, 'twill your chapel grace,
God in his glory ſuits the place;
The taſte alone's enough to ſhew,
That 'tis the work of fam'd Vatau *.
Mean time a bookſeller, a cheat,
Whom wits are often forc'd to treat,
Opens tomes which the works contains,
Of Gacon, Noble, Deſfontaines;
Miſcellanies of journals ſtore,
My lord begins to read and ſnore.

* A Flemiſh p[illegible]
years ago. He [illegible]
thing great, it was [illegible]

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I thought we ſhould meet with no farther delay, but that we ſhould approach the Temple without encountering any other difficulty; but the journey is more dangerous than I imagined. We ſoon after fell into a new ambuſcade.

Thus in the path which to ſalvation
Leads, Devotees meet much temptation;
And with the devil oft contend,
Before they reach their journey's end.

This was a concert given by a gentleman of the long robe, infatuated with muſic, which he never learned, and chiefly with the Italian muſic, which he had no knowledge of, but from ſome indifferent airs which were never heard at Rome, and which are very badly ſung in France by ſome girls belonging to the opera.

He then cauſed a long French recitative, ſet to muſic by an Italian, who did not underſtand our language, to be performed. It was to no purpoſe to remonſtrate to him, that as this ſort of muſic is nothing more than noted declamation, it is of conſequence, ſubjected to the genius of the language; and that nothing

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nothing can be as ridiculous as French scenes sung in the Italian taste, but Italian ones sung in the French taste.

Nature ingenious, fertile, wise,
Earth with gifts various beautifies;
She speaks to all in language fit,
They differ both in tongue and wit;
Their tone, their voices suit; each note
Is by the hand of nature wrote;
And every difference must appear
To a refin'd, juicious ear.
Music to charm in France, the tone
Of France must imitate alone.
Lully could to our taste descend,
Not strive to alter but amend.

No sooner were these judicious remarks made, but the pretended connoisseur, shaking his head, cried, come, come, you shall soon see something new. We could not refuse to enter, and immediately after the concert began.

The rivals then of Lully's fame,
Their taste and skill in art the same,

French

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French verse most dissonantly play'd
With the Italian music's aid:
A lady, with distorted eyes,
Acted a thousand extasies.
A coxcomb, of his dress quite vain,
Quaver'd and thrill'd a frantic strain,
And beat time false, which made them soon
All equally play out of tune.

We left the place as fast as we could, and we did not arrive at the temple of Taste, till after we had met with many adventures of this kind.

On basis firm, in antient days,
Greece did this famous temple raise:
The building, with revolving years
Increas'd, to menace heaven appears.
The world, upon its altars laid,
Incense and adoration paid:
To own the power Rome long delay'd,
At length to taste the homage paid.
The Turk, a more inveterate foe,
In dust the edifice laid low.
The ruins, by the Goths neglected,
Were all in Italy collected.

Soon

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Soon the first Francis, nobly bold,
Rais'd a new temple like the old;
But his posterity despis'd
An architecture once so priz'd.
Next Richlieu made it all his care
Th' abandon'd temple to repair.
Lewis adorn'd the sacred shrine,
Colbert invited all the nine;
Each art, in which the wise excel,
Beneath the temple's roof to dwell.
By this the first shrine was surpass'd;
But much I doubt it will not last.
Here might I in descriptive verse
The beauties of the shrine rehearse;
But let us not, to shew our skill in
Description, simply write for filling;
Let us prolixity avoid,
By which Felibien's reader's cloy'd;
Whilst he each trifle to explain,
Launches into rhetoric strain.
This noble buildings not disgrac'd
With heaps of rubbish round it plac'd;
For thus our sires, but little skill'd,
Their Gothic structures us'd to build.

The

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The ſhrine from all the faults we ſee,
In Verſailles Chapelle fam'd is free;
That gewgaw, which ſtrikes vulgar eyes,
But which all men of taſte deſpiſe.

It is much eaſier to give a negative than a poſitive idea of this temple. To avoid ſo difficult an attempt I ſhall only add,

The ſtructure's of a ſimple taſte,
Each ornament is juſtly plac'd;
The whole's arrang'd with ſo much care,
Art ſeems to copy nature there;
The beauteous ſtructure fills the ſight,
Not with ſurprize, but with delight.

The temple was ſurrounded with a crowd of virtuoſos, artiſts and connoiſſeurs of various kinds, who endeavoured to enter, but did not ſucceed.

For criticiſm, ſevere and juſt,
Still ſtood before that ſhrine auguſt,
Repelling all the efforts rude
Of Goths, who would in crowds intrude.

How

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How many men of quality, how many persons in high vogue with the public, who dictate so imperiously to little clubs, are refused admittance into that temple!

There the cabals of wits no more
Have the same power they had before;
When they could make an audience praise
Pradon's and * Scuderi's wretched lays,
And think their writings did excel
Those of Racine and great Corneille.

The obscure enemies of all-shining merit, those insects of society, which are taken notice of only because they bite, were repelled with equal rudeness. These would have envied the great Conde the glory he acquired at Rocroy, and Villars the reputation he

* Scuderi was, as well he might, the declared enemy of Corneille. He had a party, which greatly preferred him to that father of the stage. There is still extant a wretched book of Sarrazin, written to prove, that a certain piece of Scuderi's, entitled Tyrannic Love, is the best dramatic Piece in the French language. This Scuderi boasted, that four door-keepers were killed when one of his pieces were represented, and said he would never yield to Corneille till there were five door-keepers killed at the representation of the Cid or the Horatii. As to Pradon, it is well known, that his Phedra was at first much more favourably received than that of Racine; and that it required a considerable time to make the influence of a party give way to merit.

gained

gained at Denain, as much as they envied Corneille for having written Polieucte. They would have assassinated Le Brun for having painted the family of Darius; and they in fact forced Le Moine to lay violent hands upon himself for having painted the admirable Salon of Hercules. They always hold in their hands a bowl of aconite, like that which men of the same character caused Socrates to drink.

Pride mixing with envy in odious embrace,
Gave birth to this curs'd and detestable race,
Suspicion, self interest, malignant detraction,
And of devotees a most dangerous faction,
These often in secret confederacy combine,
And to the cabal ope the gates of the shrine.
There a Midas's eyes they impose on with ease,
Knaves yield them support, and fools glut them with praise;
True merit indignant a sad silence keeps;
Time alone wipes his tears, whilst in secret he weeps.

These persecuting wretches fled as soon as they saw my two guides. Their precipitate flight was followed by

by ſomething of a more diverting nature: this was a crowd of writers of every rank, age and condition, who ſcratched at the door, and begged of Criticiſm to permit them to enter. One brought with him a mathematical romance, another a ſpeech made before the academy; one had juſt compoſed a metaphyſical comedy; another held in his hand a poetical miſcellany long ſince printed, with a long approbation and a * privilege; another preſented a mandate wrote in an affected and over-refined ſtyle, and was ſurpriſed to find, that all preſent laughed inſtead of aſking his bleſſing. I am the reverend father—ſaid one: make room for my lord, ſaid another.

A prating ſir, with voice acute,
Cries, I'm the judge of each diſpute,
I argue, contradict and prate,
What others like I'm ſure to hate.
Then Criticiſm appearing, cry'd,
Your merit is by none deny'd;

* Many bad books have been printed with approbations replete with praiſes.

But

But ſince Taſte's godhead you reject,
Do not to enter here expect.

Bardou then cried out, the world's in an error, and will always continue ſo: there's no god of Taſte, and I'll prove it thus: then he laid down a propoſition, divided and ſubdivided it; but nobody liſtened, and a greater multitude than ever crowded to the gate.

Amidſt the various coxcombs chac'd
By judgment from the ſhrine of Taſte,
La Motte * Houdard amongſt the reſt
Approach'd, and words like theſe addreſt;
Receive my Œdipus in proſe;
Roughly, 'tis true, I verſe compoſe:
I muſt with Boileau hold converſe,
And rail againſt all ſorts of verſe,

* Houdard La Motte in 1728 wrote an Œdipus in proſe, and another in verſe. As for his Œdipus in proſe, nobody could ever bear to read it: His Œdipus in verſe was acted three times. It was printed with his other dramatic works; and the author took care to prefix to it an advertiſement, importing, that the performance of it was interrupted during the moſt extraordinary ſucceſs. This author compoſed ſeveral works, which are very much eſteemed, ſome fine odes, pretty operas, and diſſertations extremely well wrote.

Criticiſm

Criticiſm knew him by his gentle deportment and the roughneſs of the two laſt lines, and ſhe left him awhile between Perrault and Chapelain, who had laid a fifty years ſiege to the temple, and conſtantly exclaimed againſt Virgil.

At that very moment there arrived another verſifier, ſupported by two little ſatires, and crowned with laurels and thiſtles.

§ I come hither to laugh, to ſport and to play,
And make merry, ſaid he, till the dawn of the day.

What's this I hear? ſaid Criticiſm. 'Tis I, anſwered the rhymer; I am juſt come from Germany to viſit you, and I have choſen the ſpring of the year to travel in.

Spring, the ſeaſon in which the young Zephyrs diſſolve
‖ The bark of the floods, and to fluid reſolve.

---

§ A couplet of Rouſſeau's.
‖ Lines of Rouſſeau's.

The

The more he ſpoke in this ſtyle, the leſs was Criticiſm diſpoſed to open the door to him. What, ſaid he, am I then taken for

§ A frog, who from his narrow throat
Still utters, in diſcordant note,
Boekekex, roax, roax?

Heavens, cried Criticiſm, what horrible jargon is this! She could not immediately gueſs who the perſon was that expreſſed himſelf in this manner. She was told it was Rouſſeau, and that the Muſes had altered his voice as a puniſhment for his miſdeeds. She could not believe it, and refuſed to open the door. He bluſhed, and cried out,

A rigour ſo extream abate,
I come to ſeek Marot my mate;
Like him, ill luck I had awhile,
But Phœbus now does on me ſmile;
I'm Rouſſeau, and to you well known;
Here's verſes againſt fam'd ‖ Bignon.

---

§ Verſes of Rouſſeau's.

‖ A privy counſellor; a man whoſe merit was acknowledged all over Europe. Rouſſeau had wrote ſome bad Verſes againſt him.

O thou,

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O thou, who always didſt inſpire
My boſom with thy ſacred fire,
Kind Criticiſm a welcome give
To one, who elſewhere cannot live.

Criticiſm upon hearing theſe words, open'd the door again and ſpoke thus:

Rouſſeau, my temper better know,
I'm juſt, and ne'er with gall o'erflow;
Unlike that fury, whoſe fell rage
Suggeſted thy malicious page;
Who pour'd her poiſon in your heart,
And arm'd you with the deadly dart.
The calumnies you ſtrove to ſpread,
Drew Themis' vengeance on your head;
Your muſe was into baniſhment §
For certain wicked couplets ſent.

---

§ 'Tis univerſally known, that Rouſſeau was condemned to make an amende honourable, and baniſhed for life, on account of certain infamous verſes, which he wrote againſt his friends, and laid to the charge of Monſ. Saurin of the French academy. The papers relating to this ſuit have been preſerved by the curious. Rouſſeau's caſe is ſaid to be extremely ill wrote; that of Mr. Saurin is a maſterpiece of genius and eloquence. Rouſſeau when in exile broke with his patrons, and perſiſted to declaim without effect againſt all, whoſe writings were an honour to France, as Mrs. de Fontenelle, Crebillon, Deſtouche, Dubos, &c.

And

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And for a wretched, ill-wrote caſe,
Which added to your dire diſgrace;
But Phœbus quickly did purſue
Your malice with the vengeance due;
Your ſoul of genius he depriv'd,
Genius which you from him deriv'd;
Of harmony he robb'd your lays,
Which by that only merit praiſe;
Yet you the ſcribling itch retain,
Whilſt Phœbus diſavows each ſtrain.

Criticiſm, after having given this advice, adjudged, that Rouſſeau ſhould take place of La Motte as a verſifier; but that La Motte ſhould have the precedence, whenever genius or underſtanding were the ſubjects of diſpute.

Theſe two men, ſo different from each other, had not walked four ſteps, when the one turned pale with rage, and the other leapt with joy, at the ſight of a man, who had been a long time in the temple, ſometimes in one place, and ſometimes in another.

This was the learned Fontenelle,
Who could in all the arts excel,

And

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And on each branch of ſcience threw
A light that pleas'd, becauſe 'twas new;
He from a planet came poſt-haſte
Back to the ſacred ſhrine of taſte;
Reaſon'd with Mairan, with Quinault
Trifled away an hour or ſo;
And manag'd with an equal ſkill
The lyre, the compaſs and the quill.

What, cried Rouſſeau, ſhall I ſee that man here, that man againſt whom I have wrote ſo many epigrams? What ſhall Taſte ſuffer in her temple the author of the chevalier D'Her's letters, of an *autumnal paſſion*, of *moon-light*, of *a brook in love with a meadow*, of *the tragedy of Aſpar*, of *Endymion*, &c. No, anſwered Criticiſm, 'tis not the author of thoſe works that you ſee before you; 'tis the author of the plurality of worlds, who compoſed *Thetis and Peleus*, an opera that excites your envy, and the hiſtory of the academy of ſciences, which you are not capable of underſtanding.

Rouſſeau was going to write an epigram, and Fontenelle looked upon him with that philoſophical compaſſion, which every man of an enlightened mind

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must have for a meer rhymer, and then went and seated himself with great composure between Lucretius and Leibnitz §.

I ask'd how Leibnitz came to be there? I was told that it was because he had wrote tolerable good Latin verses, though he was versed both in metaphsicks and geometry, and that Criticism admitted him into her temple, to soften by such an example the austerity of his scientifical brethren.

Criticism then turned to the author of the plurality of worlds, and said: I shall not reproach you with some of your juvenile performances, as these zealous cynicks have done: but I am Criticism; you are now in the presence of the god of Taste, and I must thus

---

§ Leibnitz was born at Leipsic, on the 23d of June 1646, and died at Hanover on the 14th of November, 1716. He was the greatest ornament to learning that Germany ever produced: he was a more universal genius than Newton, though, perhaps, not so great a mathematician. To a profound knowledge in every branch of natural philosophy, he added a refined taste for polite learning; he even wrote French poetry. He was guilty of some errors in metaphysicks; but in that he resembles all who have attempted to frame systems. He owed his fortune entirely to his reputation. He enjoyed considerable pensions from the emperor of Germany, the emperor of Russia, the King of England, and many other sovereigns.

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addreſs you in the name of that god, the public, and myſelf; for we all three agree in the main.

Your ſportful and inſtructive muſe
Of art ſhould not be ſo profuſe;
Her charms are not ſure ſo faint,
As to require the aid of paint.

As for Lucretius, he bluſhed as ſoon as ever he ſaw the cardinal his adverſary; but no ſooner did he hear him ſpeak but he conceived a friendſhip for him: he ran to him, and accoſted him in very fine Latin verſes, which I tranſlate into indifferent French ones.

Miſled by Epicurus' lore,
I thought I nature could explore,
And as a god the man admir'd,
Who, with preſumptuous fury fir'd,
Dar'd impious war with heaven to wage,
The gods dethroning in his rage.
I thought the ſoul a tranſient fire,
Diſſolv'd the moment we expire;

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I now no more with truth contend:
The ſoul ſhall never have end;
But of exiſtence always ſure,
Shall like your deathleſs verſe endure.

The cardinal anſwered this compliment in the language of Lucretius. All the Latin poets preſent, from his air and ſtile, judged him to be an antient Roman: but the French poets are highly diſpleaſed at authors compoſing verſes in a language which is no longer ſpoken; and they affirm, that ſince Lucretius, born at Rome, wrote a Latin poem upon the philoſophy of Epicurus, his adverſary, born at Paris, ſhould have wrote againſt him in French. To conclude; after ſeveral ſuch amuſing delays, we at laſt arrived at the temple of the god of Taſte.

I ſaw the god, whom I in vain
Implore for aid in every ſtrain;
That god, who never was defin'd;
Whoſe eſſence 'ſcapes the ſearching mind;
To whom juſt ſervice few can pay,
Tho' they with ſuch devotion pray;

Who

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Who animates La Fontaine's ſtrain,
And Vodius ſeaches for in vain.
The Graces he conſults, whoſe eaſe,
With native beauty join'd, can pleaſe;
Graces which other nations own,
Are beſt to the French writers known;
Which others oft to copy try'd;
Which by ſtrict rules are never tied;
Which reign'd at court in times of yore,
With which love crowns the Gallic ſhore.
Around the god the tender band
Of Graces ſtill obſequious ſtand;
They to adorn the god attend;
He pleaſes by the charms they lend;
They crown him with a wreath divine,
Where Phœbus ſelf took care to twine;
Laurels, which once fam'd Maro crown'd
For epic poetry renown'd.
Myrtle and ivy leaves, which grac'd
Horace ſupreme in wit and taſte;
The roſes, which in times of yore
The lyric bard Anacreon wore.
His front, the mirror of his mind,
Shew'd wiſdom by true taſte refin'd;

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Wit ſparkled in his eyes, his air
Was ſuch as might his ſoul declare.
To prove his beauty is divine,
Silvia, his face reſembles thine;
I thus conceal your real name,
Leaſt envious beauties ſhould declaim;
Againſt you ſhould it once be known,
Your charms are greater than their own.
‖ Rollin not far, with action grave,
To youth his learned leſſons gave.

‖ Charles Rollin, formerly principal of the univerſity and royal profeſſor, is the firſt member of the univerſity that ever wrote in elegant French for the inſtruction of youth, and that recommended the ſtudy of our language as neceſſary, though neglected in the ſchools. His treatiſe upon the belles lettres breathes elegant taſte, and is replete with learning throughout. He is reproached with nothing but having dwelt too much upon things of little importance. He has never loſt ſight of taſte, but where he has aimed at humour, tom. 3, page 303, in ſpeaking of Cyrus he ſays, *immediately little Cyrus was dreſſ'd out as a cup-bearer; he approached gravely with a napkin on his ſhoulder, and holding the cup genteely with three fingers, I was in doubt, ſaid he, whether this liquor was not poiſon. How ſo? Yes, papa.* And in another place, ſpeaking of the ſeveral ſorts of play which children may be indulged in, he expreſſes himſelf thus: *A ball, a foot ball, a top, are very much to their taſte.* From the top of the houſe to the cellar there was nothing ſpoken but Latin at Robert Stephens's. It were to be wiſhed theſe exceptionable paſſages were corrected in the firſt new edition of a book ſo valuable in other reſpects.

And

And tho' in his professor's chair,
Was listen'd to a thing most rare.
Meantime in an apartment by §,
Which Girardon with Puget vie
With statues to adorn, where taste
As well as just expression's trac'd;
Poussin ‖ upon strech'd canvas shew'd
What genius in his bosom glow'd.

---

§ Girardon's statues excelled in grace, Puget's in expression. The baths of Apollo were do e by Girardon, but the horses are not of his workmanship; they are of Marsi's, a statuary worthy to work in concert with Girardon. The Milo and the gladiator are Puget's.

‖ Poussin, born at Andelis in 1594, had no master but his genius, assisted by a few prints of Raphael's, which accidentally fell into his hands. A desire to consult the beautiful remains of antiquity made him undertake a journey to Rome, notwithstanding the obstacles which extream povetty laid in his way. He there produced several master-pieces, which he sold for but seven crowns apiece. Being invited to France by the secretary of state Desnoyers, he there established the fine taste in painting; but being persecuted by his rivals, he returned to Rome, where he died with a great reputation and no fortune. He has sacrificed colouring to the other articles of painting. This is too gloomy in his sacraments; yet there is in the duke of Orleans's closet, a conversion of St. Paul by Poussin, which hangs by Raphael's vision of Ezekiel, and is lively enough in its colouring. This picture loses nothing by being compared to that of Raphael; they both give equal satisfaction to the beholder.

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† Le Brun with elevated mind,
And genius nobly bold, design'd.
‡ Le Sueur, in his art compleat,
Between both painters took his seat;
None murmur'd to behold him there,
All own'd him worthy of the chair.
The god, who with a critic eye
Could every pencil's stroke espy,
Griev'd, whilst he much admir'd their art,
They could not to their works impart
Those vivid colours, whose bright glow
On nature's self new charms bestow.
A crowd of loves before him play'd,
And to his touch new force convey'd,

---

† Le Brun, the scholar of Vouet, was defective only in the colouring. The colours in his pictures of Alexander's family are better than those of his battles. This painter has not so exquisite a taste for antiquity as Poussin and Raphael; but he is equal to Raphael in invention, and superior to Poussin in vivacity. The prints of Alexander's battles, by le Brun, are more bought, than those by Raphael and Julius Romano.

‡ Eustachius le Sueur was an excellent painter, though he never was in Italy. All his works were in the high taste; but he was defective in his colouring as well as the other two. These three painters are at the head of the French school.

And

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And rais'd each beauty to its height,
By adding ‖ Rubens colours bright.

I was surprised that I did not meet at the sanctuary several persons, who, sixty or eighty years ago, passed for the greatest favourites of the god of Taste. The Pavillons, the Benserades, the Pelissons, the Segrais's *, the St. Evremonds, the Belzacs, the Voitures, were no longer in possession of the first places. They possessed them heretofore, said one of my guides; they made a figure before the bright period of the learned world; but they have at length given place to men of real genius. At present they are but little considered; and, in fact, most of them had only the wit peculiar to their age, and not that species of wit which reaches posterity.

The

‖ Rubens is equal to Titian in his colouring; but he is very much inferior to our French painters in the correctness of design.

* Segrais is but a very indifferent poet. Nobody reads his eclogues, though they are praised by Boileau. His Æneid is in the style of Chapelain. He wrote an opera upon the subject of Roland and Angelica, with the title of *Love cured by Time*. In the prologue are these lines:

Pour couronner leur tête
En cette fête,

The graces of their feeble lays
Are tarnished, and they lose their praise;
None them as genius's admit,
But all agree to praise their wit.

Segrais attempted one day to enter the sanctuary at the same time, repeating the following verse of Boileau.

Que Segrais dans l'eglogue en charm les forêts.

Let Segrais charm the woods with rural lays.

But Criticism having unhappily for him, read a few pages of his Æneid in French verse, dismissed him a

---

Allons dans nos jardins,
Avec les lys de Charlemagne,
Assembler les jesmins
Qui perfument l'Espagus,

Their heads to crown,
On such a day
Let's walk into our gardens gay,
And with the lillies of Charlemagne
Gather the jessamy of Spain.

Zada is a romance, written with great purity of language, and read by every body; but it was not wrote by Segrais.

little

little roughly, and in his place admitted * madame de la Fayette, who publiſhed the delightful romance of Zada; and the princeſs of Cleves, under the name of Segrais.

Peliſſon † is not eaſily excuſed, for having in his hiſtory of the French academy, gravely related ſo many

* Mr. Huet, biſhop of Avranches, tells us, in the 204 page of his commentaries, that madame de la Fayette was ſo indifferent about reputation, that ſhe ſuffered her Zada to appear under the name of Segrais; and when I related this anecdote, ſome of Segrais's friends, who were ignorant of the truth, complained of this as an outrage to his memory. But it is a fact to my certain knowledge, and I could prove it by many letters of madame de la Fayette, and by the original manuſcript of Zada, the ſheets of which ſhe ſent me as ſhe wrote it.

† Here are ſome of the ſtrokes which Peliſſon cites as pieces of wit. A marriage being talked of between Voiture, who was the ſon of a vintner, and the daughter of one of the king's purveyors. Theſe lines were wrote upon the occaſion.

O que ce beau couple d'amans,
  Va gouter de contentement!
Que leurs delices ſeront grandes,
  Ils ſeront toujours en feſtin,
Car ſi la pro fournit les viandes,
  Voiture fournira le vin!

How bleſt will theſe two lovers live,
  With plenty they'll be bleſs'd,
Victuals the purveyor ſhall give,
  Voiture of wines the beſt.

He

many purilities, and cited as strokes of wit, things which by no means deserve that name. The soft, but weak Pavillon, humbly pays his court to madame des Houlieres, who is placed far above him. The unequal St. Evremont *, does not presume to speak of poetry. Balac, with his long-winded hyperbolical phrases, tires the patience of Benserade and Voiture †, who

He adds, that madam Desloges, in a company that was engaged at a sort of play, called Proverbs, Voiture having given a proverb, which she did not like, said, this is a bad one, tap another. His history of the academy is filled with such trivial circumstances, and written in so languishing a style, that whoever reads it without prejudice, is surprised at his having so great a reputation. But at that time, forty persons had interested motives for praising it.

* Every body knows, that St. Evremont was a wretched poet. His comedies are his very worst productions; yet so great was his reputation, that he was offered five hundred guineas for the copy of his Sir Politick Wouldbe.

† Voiture had the most reputation of any of these celebrated persons of former days, yet his works deserve it the least. If you except four or five little poems, and about as many letters, he was reckoned as great a master of the epistolary manner of writing, as Pliny; and yet his letters are not superior to those of Le Pays and Boursaut. These are some of his strokes: when you tear my heart into a thousand pieces, there is not one that is not very much at your service; and one of your smiles sweetens my bitterest grief I do not lie when I tell you, that my uneasiness at being deprived of your company, costs me a hundred thousand tears. I advise you seriously, to make yourself king of Madeira. Think what a pleasure it would be, to possess a kingdom of sugar: in truth, we should live very sweetly in it. He writes to

who anſwer him by antitheſis and quibbles, which they are preſently after aſhamed of themſelves. I went in queſt of the famous count de Buſſy. Madam de Sévigné, who is beloved by all who dwell in the Temple, told me, that her dear couſin, a man of great wit, but a little too vain, could never ſucceed ſo far, as to make the God of Taſte entertain the

---

to Chapelain thus: "I muſt tell you, that whenever I reflect that I am writing to the moſt judicious man of the age, to the author of Lione, and the Maid of Orleans, my hair ſtands on end, like the briſtles of a porcupine. His poetry is ſometimes flat, and inſipid in the higheſt degree.

Nous trouvanes pres fercotte,
Chae ctrange et vraye pourtant,
Des boeufs qu'on voyoit broutant;
Deſſus le haut d'une motte,
Et plus bas quelques cochons,
Et bon nombre de moutons.

A thing we ſaw, that's true, but ſtrange,
Oxen that brouze about and range
Upon a hill, whilst hogs are ſeen,
And many ſheep upon the green.

Yet Voiture is admired, becauſe he was born in an age that was juſt emerging out of barbariſm, when people aimed at wit, without knowing what it was. 'Tis true, Boileau compared him to Horace, but Boileau was then young. He with pleaſure paid that tribute to the reputation of Voiture, that he might attack that of Chapelain, who paſſed for the greateſt genius than in Europe.

ſame

many puritities, and cited as [illegible] The [illegible]
which by no means deſerve that na[illegible] court to ma[illegible]
but weak Pavillon, humbly pays his [illegible] him.
des Houlieres, who is placed far above [illegible] to [illegible]
unequal St. Evremont *, does not preſume to [illegible]
poetry. Balac, with his long-winded hyper[illegible]
phraſes, tires the patience of Benſetade and V[illegible]

He adds, that madam Deſloges, in a [illegible]
gaged at a ſort of play, called Proverbs, [illegible]
a proverb, which ſhe did not like, ſaid [illegible]
another. His hiſtory of the academy [illegible]
circumſtances, and written in ſo languid [illegible]
reads it without prejudice, is ſurpriſed a[illegible]
putation. But at that time, forty perſ[illegible]
for praiſing it.

* Every body knows, that St. [illegible]
His comedies are his very worſt pr[illegible]
reputation, that he was offered fi[illegible]
of his Sir Politick Wouldbe.

† Voiture had the moſt re[illegible]
perſons of former days, yet [illegible]
except four or five little [illegible]
was reckoned as great a [illegible]
as Pliny; and yet his [illegible]
and Bouſſaut. The[illegible]
ear my heart into a [illegible]
very much at your [illegible]
bitteſt grief I d[illegible]
t being deprive[illegible]
ears. I adviſe [illegible]
eira. Think [illegible]
t ſugars in [illegible]

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a friend,
ld not offend.
vein
hears the rein;
ll controul,
charms the soul.
nuels temp'ring fire,
re his lyre,

And

king, reach'd my ear,
ed soul with fear.

the picture of a confessor,
another poem upon the divi-

e,

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There are not
e fine senti-
onspicuous,
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lished in
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ſame favourable opinion of Monſ. Roger de Rabutin, which the count de Buſſy had of him.

Buſſy for pride and ſelf-love ſam'd,
Is by the God ſeverely blam'd;
Becauſe too much a ſlave to fame,
Himſelf he often made his theme *:
His ſon with ev'ry talent grac'd,
Is always well receiv'd by taſte;
He flatters none, of none ſpeaks ill,
His converſation pleaſes ſtill;
He ſhews that wit and eloquence,
To which his father makes pretence.
† Chaulieu, who gay and void of care,
Riſing from table ſung an air;

Addreſs'd

* He wrote to the king in theſe terms:—"Sire, Such a man as I am, who have wit, birth, and courage.—I have birth, and it is ſaid I have wit, which makes every thing I ſay valuable."

† The abbe de Chaulieu, in an epiſtle to the marquis de la Farre, known to the public by the appellation of the deiſt, ſays,

J'ai vû de pres le ſtyx; j'ai du les eumenides,
Deja venoient frapper mes oreilles timides;
Les affreux cris du chien de l'empire de morts.

Upon the brink of death my ſoul has been,
The ſtyx and furies I almoſt have ſeen;

The

Addreſs'd the god-head as a friend,
With freedom which could not offend.
His lively and luxuriant vein
Roves unconfin'd, nor hears the rein;
His muſe diſdaining all controul,
With native beauties charms the ſoul.
* La Farre, with ſoftneſs temp'ring fire,
Tun'd to a lower note his lyre,

And

Th' infernal dogs fell barking, reach'd my ear,
And harrow'd up my ſtartled ſoul with fear.

The very next moment he draws the picture of a confeſſor, and ſpeaks of the God of Iſrael. In another poem upon the divinity, he ſays,

D'un dieu moteur de tout j'adore l'exiſtence,
Ainſi l'on doit paſſer avec tranquillite,
Les ans que nous depart l'aveugle deſtinu.

The great firſt mover I adore.

Thus ſhould we ſpend, whilſt in our preſent ſtate,
The time allotted to us by blind fate.

Many ſuch contradictions occur in his poems. There are not three pieces amongſt them correct throughout; but the fine ſentiments, and beautiful imagery, for which they are conſpicuous, atone for their defects. The abbe de Chaulieu died in 1720, almoſt fourſcore. He diſcovered great reſolution and fortitude.

* The marquis de la Fare, author of the memoirs publiſhed in his name, and of ſome pieces of poetry, in which the gentleneſs of

And pour'd forth in his miſtreſs's praiſe,
His uncorrect, but ſprightly lays;
Which might from eaſe and pleaſure ſpring,
Tho' Phœbus had not taught to ſing.
* There Hamilton, whoſe darts ne'er fail
To wound, at all mankind did rail:
There St. Aulaire, who for old age,
Surpaſs'd Anacreon the ſage;
Could all love's joys and cares reherſe,
In ſofter and more pleaſing verſe:
Cytherian chaplets grac'd his head,
With hoary honours o'erſpread.

The God had a great affection for theſe gentlemen, eſpecially for thoſe who picqued themſelves upon nothing. He hinted to Chaulieu, that he ſhould look upon himſelf as the firſt of careleſs and negligent poets, not as the firſt of good poets.

---

of his nature diſplays itſelf, ſhould rather be conſidered as an amiable man, than an amiable poet. He died in 1718; his poems were printed with the works of the abbe de Chaulieu, his intimate friend, and preceded by a preface extremely partial and full of faults.

* Anthony count Hamilton, born at Caen in Normandy, wrote verſes replete with fire and livelineſs. He had a ſtrong bent to ſatire. Mr. de St. Aulaire, when almoſt ninety, wrote exceeding pretty ſongs.

They

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They converſed with ſome of the moſt amiable men of their age. Their converſations were equally free from the affectation of the Hotel de Rambouillet, and from the confuſion which reigns amongſt our young fellows *.

From hence with equal ſhame are chac'd
The affected and pedantic taſte,
The ſtiff and ſyllogiſtic air,
The rage which ſtrives to overbear.
There gracefully we ſee unite,
Learning profound with humour light;
And with preciſion cloſe we find,
The ſallies of the human mind.
Genius takes various forms there,
It jeſts and knows a jeſt to bear;
For fear of tiring there the wiſe,
Put on even pleaſantry's diſguiſe.

Chapelle was there; that genius more debauched than delicate; more natural than polite; an eaſy

* Boileau went to read his works at the Hotel de Rambouillet. He there met Chapelain, Cotin, and others, equally void of taſte, who received him very ill.

verſifier,

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verſifier, incorrect in his ſtile, and licentious in his thoughts. He conſtantly anſwered the God of Taſte in the ſame rhymes. 'Tis ſaid, that God once anſwered him thus:

Chapelle henceforward leſs admire,
Re-iterated rhymes they tire;
Thoſe ſtrings of ſyllables diſplay'd
By Richelet, ill a poet aid;
That author's dictionary gleaning,
In double rhymes you'll have no meaning.

In this agreeable company, I met the preſident de Maiſons, a man of a very different character, not at all uſed to utter words without a meaning; a man as ſolid as agreeable, and equally a lover of all the arts.

Dear Maiſons, is it thee I then embrace?
Cry'd I, whilſt trickling tears bedew'd my face;
Thou who waſt ſnatch'd from me by cruel death,
Who in my arms when young reſign'd thy breath.
Deaf to my prayer, inexorable fate,
Was bent too deareſt friends to ſeparate:

Ah!

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Ah! ſince its rigour eithers death requir'd,
Thou ſhouldſt have liv'd, and I ſhould have expir'd.
Since my ſad eyes firſt open'd on the ſphere,
'Twas heav'n's decree I ſhou'd be wretch'd here;
Thy path of life by heav'n was ſtrew'd with flow'rs,
And heart-felt joy wing'd all thy golden hours.
With pleaſures, and with honours compaſs'd round,
In arts your wiſdom full contentment found:
Weakneſs is not of worth, like thine the ſource,
O'er ſuch a mind opinion ne'er had force;
Man's born to err the potter's forming hand,
Soft earth is far leſs able to withſtand;
Than can the mind reſiſt the potent ſway
Of prejudice, which mortals ſtill obey.
To ſuch vile ſlav'ry you refus'd to bend,
Your time you gave to ſtudy, and a friend;
And in your nature were at once combin'd,
A tender heart, and philoſophic mind.

Amongſt theſe wits we met ſome jeſuits. A Janſeniſt would ſay upon this, that the jeſuits [illegible] every where, but the God of Taſte receives th[illegible] mies too; and it is diverting to ſee in thi[illegible] Bourdaloue converſing with Paſc[illegible]

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of uniting eloquence and close reasoning. Father Bouhours stands behind them, setting down in his pocket book, all the improprieties and inelegancies of language which escape them. The cardinal could not help addressing father Bouhours thus:

The care each little fault to spy,
That pedants diligence lay by;
Let us in eloquence respect
Each careless phrase and bold defect.
Were I to chuse, I should prefer
Wild genius, and like great men err,
Rather than be the wight who dwells
On syllables, who scans and spells.

This reprimand was expressed in terms, much more polite than those which I have made use of; but we poets are sometimes guilty of deviations from good breeding, for the sake of a rhyme. When I visited this Temple, my attention was not entirely engaged by the wits.

Harmonious verse and prose refin'd,
To you alone I'm not confin'd;

I scorn

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I ſcorn a taſte that fix'd on parts,
And now invoke all pleaſing arts.
Muſick and painting arts divine,
With architecture's great deſign,
Graving and dancing all unite
My ſoul to raviſh with delight;
From all arts pleaſure muſt ariſe,
None then are ſlighted by the wiſe.

I ſaw the muſes by turns place upon the altar of the God, books, deſigns, and plans of various kinds. The plan of that beautiful front of the Louvre (for which we are not indebted to Bernin, who, with great expence, and to no purpoſe, was brought into France, it being the work of Perrault and Lewis la Vau, great artiſts, whoſe merit is too little known) is to be ſeen upon that altar. There likewiſe is the plan of St. Denis's gate, the beauty of which, moſt Pariſians are as inſenſible of, as they are ignorant of the name of Francis Blondel, the architect, to whom they owe this monument.

That admirable fountain *, ſo little taken notice of, which is adorned with the precious ſculptures of

* St. Innocent's fountain. The architecture is by Leſcot Abbe' of Claigni, and the ſculpture by John Gougeon.

John

John Gougeon, but which is in every respect inferior to the admirable fountain of Bouchardon, at the same time that it seems to upbraid the rude taste of all the others. The porch of St. Gervas's church, a masterpiece of architecture, to which a church, a proper situation and admirers, are wanting, and which should immortalize the name of Desbrosses, still more than the palace of Luxemburgh, which likewise was built by him. All these monuments neglected by the vulgar, ever barbarous, and by people of the world ever inattentive, often attract the observation of the deity. The library of this enchanted palace was next shewn us: it was not very big. It will be readily believed, that we did not find in it

A heap of manuscripts most rare,
Which greedy book-worms seldom spare;
Nor on those shelves are ever found.
Those writings which so much abound;
Writings by no man ever read,
The lumber of an author's head.
In person here the tuneful nine,
Their proper place to books assign;
To books where genius may be trac'd,
Combin'd with elegance of taste.

Most

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Moſt of the books there, have paſſed thro' the hands of the muſes, and been by them corrected. The works of Rabelais is to be ſeen there, reduced to leſs than half a quarter of its bulk.

Marot, whoſe only merit is his ſtile, and who in the ſame taſte, ſings the pſalms of David, and the wonders of Alix, has but eight or ten leaves left. The pages of Voiture and Sarraſin together, don't exceed ſixty in number.

The whole genius of Bayle, is to be found in a ſingle volume, by his own acknowledgment; for that judicious philoſopher, that enlightened judge of authors and ſects, often declared, that he would never have writren more than one volume in folio, if he had not been employed by bookſellers *.

We were at laſt admitted into the innermoſt part of the ſanctuary. There the myſteries of the God were unveiled; there I ſaw what may ſerve as an example to poſterity: a ſmall number of truly great men, were employed in correcting thoſe faulty-paſſages of their works, which would have been beauties in thoſe of inferior genius's.

* This Bayle himſelf affirmed, in a letter which he wrote to Monſ. des Maizeau.

The

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The amiable author of Telemachus, retrenched the repetitions and uſeleſs details of his moral romance, and blotted out the title of epic poem, which the indiſcreet zeal of ſome of his admirers had given it; for he frankly owns, that there is no ſuch thing as a poem in proſe.

The eloquent Boſſuet was ready to ſtrike out ſome familiar expreſſions, which had eſcaped his vaſt, impetuous, and free genius, and which in ſome meaſure diſgrace the ſublimity of his funeral orations; and it is worthy of remark, that he by no means vouches for the truth of all he has ſaid concerning the pretended wiſdom of the antient Egyptians.

Corneille the great, and the ſublime,
Who pleas'd not by the charms of rhyme;
But wak'd the ſoul by ſtrokes of art,
Which fill'd with wonder ev'ry heart;
Who with a pencil ever true,
Both Cinna and Auguſtus drew;
Cornelia, Pompey brave and great,
Who fell by too ſevere a fate;
Into the flames Pulcheria threw
Ageſilaus, Surena too,

And

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And ſacrific'd with no remorſe,
The fruits of genius without force:
Productions of declining age,
And quite unworthy of the ſtage.
Racine more artful and refin'd,
Who touch'd with gentle woe the mind;
Who ſtill profound attention draws,
And never breaks dramatic laws;
His lovers parts with critic eye,
Remarks, but in them can't deſcry
Thoſe various touches which in nature,
Diſtinguiſh character like feature:
In all the ſame perfections meet,
They're tender, gallant, and diſcreet;
And love whoſe power o'er all prevails,
Believes them courtiers of Verſailles:
La Fontaine, poet born to pleaſe,
By happy negligence and eaſe;
Whoſe careleſs ſtyle, with bold neglect,
Pleaſes us more than if correct.
Your own opinion freely tell
Of works, which in their kind excel:
We'd gladly be inform'd by you,
About your tales and fables too.

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La Fontaine, who retained the ſimplicity of his character, and who in the Temple of Taſte joined acuteneſs and penetration to that happy inſtinct, which inſpired him during his life, blotted out ſome of his fables. He abridged almoſt all his tales, and tore the greateſt part of a collection of poſthumous works, printed by thoſe editors who live by the folly of the dead.

There Boileau reign'd who taught his age,
By reaſon rous'd to ſatire's rage;
Who fram'd with care poetic laws,
And follow'd them with juſt applauſe:
Severely now his works he views,
One quibbling poem ſhames his muſe;
The verſes now he can't endure,
Wrote on the taking of Namure;
He blots them out with haſty hand,
And cries your genius underſtand.

Boileau, at the expreſs command of the God of Taſte, was reconciled to Quinault, who may be conſidered as a poet, formed by the graces, as Boileau was by reaſon.

But

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But Boileau, ſatiriſt ſevere,
Whilſt he embrac'd could ſcarce forbear,
The lyrick poet to revile,
Yet Quinault pardoned with a ſmile.

I'll never be reconciled to you, ſaid Boileau, except you acknowledge that there are many inſipid lines in thoſe agreeable operas. That's very poſſible, anſwered Quinault, but you muſt at the ſame time acknowledge that you were never capable of writing Atys or Armida.

Your poems labour'd and exact,
May gen'ral eſteem attract;
My opera's compoſed with eaſe,
May ſurely be allow'd to pleaſe.

After ſaluting Boileau, and tenderly embracing Quinault, I ſaw the inimitable Moliere, and I made bold to accoſt him in theſe terms:

Terence the ſage, and the polite,
Could well tranſlate, but could not write;

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His elegance is cold and faint,
He could not Roman manners paint:
You the great painter of our nation,
Have drawn each character and ſtation;
Our cits with maggots in their brain,
Our marquiſſes as pert as vain,
Our formal gentry of the law,
All by your art their likeneſs ſaw;
And you would have reform'd each fault,
If ſenſe and virtue could be taught.

Ah, ſaid he, why was I ever under a neceſſity of writing for the people? Why was I not always maſter of my time? I ſhould have invented much more happy intrigues; I ſhould have ſeldom deſcended to low comedy.

'Twas thus theſe maſters, in their ſeveral arts, ſhewed their ſuperiority, by owning thoſe errors to which human nature is ſubject, and from which the greateſt genius's are not exempt.

I then found that the God of Taſte is very hard to be pleaſed, but that he is never pleaſed by halves. I perceived, that the works which he criticiſes the moſt, are thoſe which he likes beſt.

The

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The God takes ev'ry author's part
Of pleasing, if he has the art:
No anger he in censuring shews,
With transport in applauding glows.
The muse display'd her charms divine,
And brought her heroes to his shrine;
The pow'r benign can scarce forbear,
Seeing their faults, to drop a tear.
That wretch shou'd be to woe consign'd,
Who's not to tenderness inclin'd:
By such our nature is disgrac'd,
He flies the sacred shrine of taste.

When my company was going to retire, the God addressed them in terms to this effect, for I am not permitted to use his own words.

Farewell, my much lov'd friends, farewell,
Since you in poetry excell;
Let not to Paris dire disgrace,
My rival there possess my place.
False taste I know, from your keen eyes,
In terror and confusion flies;

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If ever you ſhou'd meet that foe,
You'll him by this deſcription know:
His tawdry dreſs, is void of grace,
His air's affected, and his face,
He forces oft a languid ſmile,
And talks in the true coxcomb's ſtyle;
He takes my name, aſſumes my ſhape
Of genuine taſte the awkward ape;
For he's the ſon of art at moſt,
Whilſt nature as my ſire I boaſt.

THE

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THE TEMPLE OF FRIENDSHIP.

SACRED to peace, within a wood's receſs,
A bleſt retreat, where courtiers never preſs,
A temple ſtands, where art did never try,
With pompous wonders to enchant the eye;
There are no dazzling ornaments, nor vain,
But truth, ſimplicity, and nature reign:
The virtuous Gauls rais'd erſt the noble ſhrine,
And ſacred vow'd to Friendſhip's pow'r divine.
Miſtaken mortals who believ'd their race,
Wou'd never ceaſe to crowd to ſuch a place!
Oreſtes name, and Pylides appear,
Wrote on the front, names ſtill to Friendſhip dear:
Pirithous medal of uncommon ſize,
Thoſe of ſoft Niſus and Achætes wiſe.
All theſe are heroes, and as friends renown'd,
These names are great, but ſtill in fable found;

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The power to this remote retreat retir'd,
Nor Tripod boasts, nor priests with truth inspir'd;
She miracles but seldom can effect,
No Popish saint e'er met with such neglect.
Still in her presence faithful truth attends,
And to the goddess needful succour lends:
Truth's ever ready to enlighten all,
But few on truth for kind assistance call.
In vain she waits for votaries at her shrine,
None come, tho' all at wanting her repine;
Her hand holds forth the register exact,
Of ev'ry gen'rous, ev'ry friendly act;
Favours in which esteem with friendship vied,
Receiv'd not meanly, not conferr'd with pride:
Such favours as those who confer forget,
And who receive, declare without regret.
This history of the virtues of mankind,
Within a narrow compass is confin'd;
In Gothic characters all these are trac'd
Upon two sheets, by time almost defac'd.
By what strange phrenzy is mankind possess'd,
Friendship is banish'd now from ev'ry breast;
Yet all usurp of Friend the sacred name,
And vilest hypocrites bring in their claim.

All

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All that they're faithful to her laws maintain,
And even her enemies her rights prophane:
In regions ſubject to the Pope's command,
Thus we ſee beads oft in an atheiſt's hand.
'Tis ſaid the goddeſs, each pretended friend,
Once in her preſence ſummon'd to attend;
She fix'd the day on which they ſhould be there,
A prize propoſing for each faithful pair;
Who with a tenderneſs like hers replete,
Amongſt true friends might juſtly claim a ſeat;
Then quickly came allur'd by ſuch a prize,
The French who novelty ſtill idolize:
A multitude before the temple came,
And firſt two courtly friends preferr'd their claim,
By int'reſt join'd, they walk'd ſtill hand in hand,
And of their union Friendſhip thought the band:
Poſt haſte a courier came and made report,
That there was then a vacancy at court;
Away each friend polite that moment flies,
Forſakes at once the temple and the prize;
Thus in a moment friends are turn'd to foes,
Each ſwears his rival warmly to oppoſe:
Four devotees next iſſue from the throng,
Pouring on prayer-books as they paſs along;

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Their charity to mankind overflows,
And with religious zeal their bosom glows.
A pamper'd prelate one with fat o'ergrown,
Tripple-chin'd, much to apoplexy prone;
The swine quite gorg'd with tythes, and overfed,
At length by indigestions force lies dead:
Quick the confessor clears the sinner's score,
His soles are greas'd, his body sprinkled o'er,
And spruc'd up by the curate of the place,
To go his heav'nly journey with good grace;
His three friends o'er him merrily say pray'rs,
His benefice alone excites their cares:
Devoutly rivals grown, each still pretends
Attachment most sincere to both his friends;
Yet all in making interest at the court,
Their brothers downright Jensenists report.
Two youths of fashion next came arm in arm,
Their eyes and hearts, their mistress letters charm:
These as they pass'd along they read aloud,
And both display'd their persons to the crowd;
Some favourite airs they sing, whilst they advance
Up to the altar, just as to a dance:
They fight about some trifle, one is slain,
And Friendship's altar hence receives a stain;

The

The leaſt mad of the two with conqueſt crown'd,
Left his dear friend expiring on the ground:
Next Liſis, with her much lov'd Chloe came,
From infancy their pleaſures were the ſame;
Alike their humour, and alike their age,
Thoſe trifles which the female heart engage;
Liſis was prone to Chloe to impart,
They ſpoke the overflowings of the heart;
At laſt one lover touch'd both female friends,
And ſtrange to tell! here all their Friendſhip ends;
Liſis and Chloe Friendſhip's ſhrine forſake,
And the high road to hatred's temple take.
The beauteous Zara ſhone forth in her turn,
With eyes that languiſh, whilſt our hearts they-
burn:
What languor, ſaid ſhe, reigns in this abode!
By that ſad goddeſs, ſay what joy's beſtow'd?
Here diſmal melancholy dwells alone,
For loves ſoft joys are ever here unknown.
Leaving the place, crowds follow'd her behind,
And ſtruck with envy, twenty beauties pin'd:
Where next my Zara went, is known to none,
And Friendſhip's glorious prize could not be won:

The.

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The goddeſs ev'ry where ſo much admir'd,
So little known, and yet by all admir'd;
With cold upon her ſacred altar froze,
Hence hapleſs mortals, hence derive your woes.

THE

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THE

PADLOCK*.

I Triumph'd, love's victorious power
Prevail'd, and near approach'd the hour
Which ſhould have crown'd our mutual flame,
Juſt then your tyrant huſband came.
That hoary Jailor was too hard,
To love he all acceſs has barr'd,
And all our wiſhes to defeat,
Secures the key of pleaſures ſeat:
For ſuch ſtrange matters to account,
Our tale to antient days ſhould mount:
Ceres muſt to you ſure be known,
Ceres one daughter had alone,

* This poem is of an antient date; the author was but eighteen when he compoſed it, and it was occaſioned by a lady who was in the circumſtances here ſpoken of.

Who

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Who much resembled you in face,
Beauteous, adorn'd with ev'ry grace,
To the soft passion much inclin'd,
And guided by a Cupid blind.
Hymen a God as blind as he,
Treated him as he treated thee:
Pluto the rich, and old in hell,
Made her his wife, and forc'd to dwell;
But she the jealous miser scorn'd,
And Pluto, tho' a God was horn'd;
Pirithous his rival bright,
Young, handsome, generous, and polite,
Found means to get to hell e'er dead,
And clapp'd huge horns upon his head.
This as a fable you'll deride,
But love a man to hell may guide;
In hell as here by some strange spight,
Intrigues are always brought to light:
In a hot hole a spy conceal'd,
Saw all, and all he saw reveal'd;
And added, that the royal dame,
With half the damn'd had done the same:
The horn'd God on this report,
Convokes at his infernal court,

Each

Each odious, black, and curſed ſoul,
Sainted below, for actions foul;
Each cuckold's ſoul, who during life
Did all he could to plague his wife.
Then thus declar'd a Florentine,
Moſt mighty monarch I'd opine;
For death, for once a wife is dead,
She can't defile the marriage bed:
But ah, ſir, an immortal wife
Can never be depriv'd of life;
A Padlock, therefore, I'd invent,
Which ſhou'd ſuch accidents prevent;
She muſt be virtuous of courſe,
When under the reſtraint of force;
Not to be come at by her elf,
Your ſure to have her to yourſelf:
Wou'd I had thought before I died,
Such a convenience to provide.
This ſage advice a loud applauſe
From all the damn'd aſſembly draws;
And ſtraight by order of the ſtate,
Was regiſter'd on braſs by fate;

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That moment in the ſhades below,
They anvils beat, and bellows blow.
Tiſiphone the blackſmith's trade
Well underſtood, the locks ſhe made:
Proſerpina, from Pluto's hand
Receiving, wore it by command.
Sometimes the hardeſt hearts relent,
Even Pluto's ſelf ſome pity felt:
When Spouſe's virtue he made faſt;
And ſaid you'll now perforce be chaſte.
This lock which hell could frame alone,
Soon to the human race was known;
In Venice, Rome, and all about it,
No gentleman or cits without it;
'Tis always thought a method ſure,
All female honour to ſecure.
There huſbands, tho' ſome ſneerers mock,
Keep virtue ſafe and under lock:
But now to bring the matter home,
Your ſpouſe you know liv'd long at Rome;
With bad men few infection ſcape,
He has learn'd the Roman modes to ape;

But

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But all his jealous care is vain,
Love always knows his ends to gain;
That God will ſure eſpouſe our cauſe,
He ſtill protects who keep his laws;
For you have given me your heart,
And can't refuſe me any part.

Thoughts

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Thoughts upon the * NEWTONIAN PHILOSOPHY, addressed to the Marchioness DU CHASTELET.

EMILIA, whose deep genius all admire,
You like a muse my labouring breast inspire;
I wake at your command, I dream no more,
But virtues laws and natures paths explore.
Melpomene, the theatre I quit,
No more I idolize a crowded pit:
Let Rufus, son of earth, in hobling verse,
To life's last verge a foolish thought express,
And aim at me the darts which he design'd
To level at the rest of human kind.
Four times a month the Zoilus of the age,
May pour in fierce invective senseless rage;

* This letter is printed before Newton's principles, published by M. de Voltaire in 1738 and 1742.

Their

Their cries by hatred form'd I will not hear,
Nor mind their tracks which in the dirt appear:
Divine philoſophy's all powerful charms,
Fell envy of her darts with eaſe diſarms;
Wrapt in his heaven, great Newton ſcarcely knows
Amongſt the ſons of men that he has foes:
Of mine I think not, to my raviſh'd eyes,
Truth ſhews how I may to that heaven riſe;
Thoſe vortices which run ſo ſtrange a race,
Heap'd without order, moving without ſpace.
Thoſe learn'd viſions paſs like ſmoke away,
Motion's reſtor'd, I ſee a brighter day,
Space which contains the univerſal ſoul,
Sees in its boſom vaſt creation roll;
God ſpeaks, and at his voice old Chaos flies,
All things towards a common center riſe;
The ſpring of nature, by dark ignorance night
Conceal'd, had long lain hid from mortal ſight:
Newton the compaſs takes, he lifts the vail,
He makes truths light o'er ignorance prevail:
With learned hand he to my eye diſplays
That ſtars bright robe which ſeaſons rules and days;
The ſparkling diamonds variegated dies,
With gorgeous luſtre dazzle human eyes;

Each

Each rays pure ſubſtance to ſpectators ſhew
The various colours of fair Tris Bow;
Blended they light impart to mortal eyes,
They vivify the world, and fill the ſkies.
Ye miniſt'ring angels to the king of kings,
You burning ſeraphs, who with conſtant wings
Cover the Almighty power's eternal throne
Of men, would you not envy him alone?
He rules the ſea, I ſee the humid deep,
Time ever with attracting Cynthia keep;
Its efforts ſtrong a cent'ral power reſtrains,
Ocean rolls back, and in its bed remains;
Comets which men as much as thunder fear,
To terrify the world at length forbear;
In an ellipſe immenſe your wand'rings end,
Riſe near the ſtar of day and near deſcend;
Your fiery treſſes ſhake, returning ſtrive,
Exhauſted, drooping nature to revive.
Siſter of Phœbus, ſtar which in the ſkies,
Long time deceiv'd th' enquirer's erring eyes:
Newton has fix'd the bounds of thy career,
Move on, and rule the day, the month and year:
Earth change thy form, and let thy maſſes weight,
Sinking the Pole the Equator elevate;

Pole

Pole which ſeem motionleſs to ev'ry eye,
The Bear that frozen conſtellation fly;*
And let your long protracted periods laſt,
Till numberleſs revolving years are paſt.
What noble objects theſe! what high delight!
Feels the rapt ſoul fill'd with ſuch glorious light!
The mind let looſe from its corporeal chains,
A converſation with its God maintains.
How couldſt thou ſay, whilſt yet in tender youth,
Receive theſe treaſures of eternal truth,
Shun pleaſures which conſume our youthful days,
And to ſuch views ſublime thy genius raiſe;
With Newton tread paths ne'er trod before,
And nature's winding labyrinth explore?
May I with you her temple penetrate,
And to all France theſe truths ſublime relate;
Whilſt † Algarotti, whoſe inſtructions pleaſe,
This ſtranger to the Tyber's ſhore conveys:

---

* 'Tis the period of the preſſure of the equinox, which is compleated in 2690, or thereabouts.

* Mr. Algarotti, a young Venetian, publiſhed at Venice a treatiſe upon light, in which he explained attraction. His book, which paſſed thro' ſeven editions, was very badly tranſlated into French.

Let

Let him with flowers adorn her beauteous face,
Compaſs in hand her lineaments I'll trace:
With my rough pencil I'll expreſs each line,
None can embelliſh beauty ſo divine;
Like you ſhe's noble, beauteous, void of paint,
To do her juſtice all deſcription's faint.

To

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* To the Manes of Monſieur DE GENONVILLE, Counſellor of the Parliament, and one of the author's intimate friends.

THOU who didſt in thy early youth depart,
Whoſe dear idea ne'er ſhall leave my heart,
Whoſe loſs has fill'd my ſoul with laſting grief,
Which from times lenient hand finds no relief;
If the whole ſyſtem dies not with the frame,
If entity, the ſpark of heavenly flame,
Made both to ſerve the body, and controul,
That active principle we call the ſoul;
Tho' loſt to us, lives in ſome other ſphere,
If thou haſt being, and theſe words canſt hear;
With pleaſure Genonville receive this lay,
This tribute which I to thy aſhes pay,
The monument of an eternal love,
Which like thy ſpirit ſhall immortal prove:

* This piece was wrote in 1729. Monſ. de Genonville had not been quite ten years dead.

Thou

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Thou muſt remember how in life's firſt ſtage,
The fair Egeria did our loves engage;
She heard our ſongs, approv'd of eithers flame,
And in all three love ſeem'd to be the ſame.
Reaſon conſpir'd with amorous follies light,
And love's enchantments ſouls thus to unite.
How great our bliſs! it ſuffer'd no allays,
From want companion of our youthful days.
Young, gay, contented, free from anxious care,
Of exquiſite delight we had our ſhare;
We could not hope to find enjoyment more,
Had we poſſeſs'd even Cræſus countleſs ſtore;
With what we had we well might be content,
In joy youths dear, delightful days we ſpent;
Thoſe days which in a round of joys were paſt,
Thoſe ſmiling pleaſures could not always laſt;
From thee thoſe joys are fled, that period bright
Was follow'd ſoon by death's eternal night.
Thy much lov'd miſtreſs, ſavour'd more by fate,
Now lives in grandeur, opulence, and ſtate;
Supports of age, attended with ſome care,
And which we can't to youthful joys compare.
As love her youth, ſo wealth ſuſtains her age,
To gaiety ſucceed reflexions ſage.

His

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His flight love with the youthful graces takes,
But friendſhip never virtuous hearts forſakes.
By that excited, oft we ſing thy verſe,
And all thy converſations charms rehearſe:
Whene'er we meet we always talk of you,
We read your works, and tears our eyes bedue:
Hence, hence forever fly the unfeeling train,
Wretches who would the name of friend prophane;
Wrapt up in ſelf, or diſſipated quite,
Who in the world and idle joys delight;
Wretches whoſe hearts are to affection dead,
Who never learn'd a virtuous tear to ſhed.

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VERSES upon the death of Madame LA COUVREUR, a celebrated actress.

WHAT sight of woe thus harrows up my soul!
Must those love darting eyes in anguish roll?
Shall ghastly death such charms divine invade?
You muses, graces, loves come to her aid.
Oh! you my gods and hers assist the fair,
Your image sure must well deserve your care.
Alas! thou diest, I press thy corpse alone;
Thou diest, the fatal news too soon is known.
In such a loss, each tender feeling heart
Is touch'd like mine, and takes in grief a-part.
I hear the arts on ev'ry side deplore
Their loss, and cry Melpomene's no more:
What exclamations will the future race
Utter, at hearing of those arts disgrace?
See cruel men a burying place refuse,
To her whom Greece had worshipp'd as a muse;

When

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When living, they ador'd her power divine,
To her they bow'd like votaries at a ſhrine :
Should ſhe then breathleſs criminal be thought,
And is it then to charm the world a fault ?
* Seine's banks ſhou'd now no more be deem'd prophane,
La Couvreur's ſacred aſhes there remain :
At this ſad tomb, ſhrine ſacred to thy ſhade,
Our vows are ſtill as at a temple paid.
I don't revere the fam'd St. Denis more,
Thy graces, charms, and wit, I there adore :
I lov'd them living, incenſe now I'll burn,
And pay due honours to thy ſacred urn.
Tho' error and ingratitude are bent,
To brand with infamy thy monument.
Shall Frenchmen never know what they require,
But damn capriciouſly what they admire ?
Muſt laws with manners jar ? Muſt ev'ry mind
In France, be made by ſuperſtition blind ?
Wherefore ſhou'd England be the only clime,
Where to think freely is not deem'd a crime ?

* She was buried on a bank of the Seine.

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Oh! London Athens rival, thou alone,
Couldſt tyrants, and couldſt prejudice dethrone;
In that bleſt region, gen'ral freedom reigns,
Merit is honour'd, and reward obtains:
Marlborough the greateſt gen'ral of his age,
Harmonious Dryden, Addiſon the ſage,
Immortal Newton, charming Oldfield there,
The honours due to real genius ſhare.
The farce of life had there La Couvreur clos'd
With heroes, ſtateſmen, kings ſhe had repos'd:
Genius at London makes its owner great,
Freedom and wealth have in that happy ſtate,
Procur'd the inhabitants immortal fame,
They rival now the Greek and Roman name.
Parnaſſian laurels wither in our fields,
And France no more a crop of merit yields:
Wherefore you gods do all our glories fade,
Why is not honour due to genius paid.

The

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The utility of ſciences to PRINCES, to the Prince Royal of PRUSSIA, ſince King of PRUSSIA.

FEW kings, my prince, can with enlighten'd mind
Inſtruct the people to their care conſign'd;
Few Antoninus's on earth appear,
For ſince that hero to all Rome ſo dear,
Since great Aurelius, wonder of his age,
Who ſhone as monarch, warrior, and ſage:
Did ever king like him the truth explore,
Like him give ear to ſacred wiſdom's lore?
But two or three of thoſe who wore a crown,
Were held philoſophers of high renown;
Others appear as vulgar to your eyes,
The tyrant ſlaves of pleaſure you deſpiſe,
Who burthen'd earth, or elſe deſtruction hurl'd,
Slept on the throne, or wide laid waſte the world.

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The world can't ſee them in a proper light,
To reign is the grand art, if courts ſay right.
But what's this art ſo boaſted of by kings?
What are of all their policy the ſprings?
He ſpeaks the word, and all around obey;
Juſt as he ſmiles, or frowns, they're ſad or gay.
Is it then hard to play the monarch's part?
Is then to govern ſlaves ſo great an art?
But error's cup break to with manly hand,
Repell the flattering, fawning, craving band,
Aſpiring prelates wily arts defeat
Juſtice ſecure upon her awful ſeat,
From learned bodies vain debates to chace,
And make vain ſophiſtry to truth give place;
To inſtruct at once the learned, and ſupport,
Theſe are the glories of the Pruſſian court;
High ſtations luſtre ignorance can deface,
Which join'd to grandeur makes even grandeur baſe.
† A formal envoy of the king of Spain
Two Engliſh artiſts importun'd in vain,

---

* This happened at London, in the firſt year of the reign of Charles the 2d. King of Spain.

For

For leave upon a mountain's top to ſtate,
By a barometer, air's real weight.
The envoy could with eaſe have help'd the ſchools,
But, tho' a fool, he thought the artiſts fools,
Shall I the folly of a Pope reveal?
Shew cardinals, with apoſtolic zeal,
Teaching mankind in their illuſtrious codes,
'Twas ſinful to believe the antipodes.
How many kings and ſultans dire alarms
Have felt at an eclipſe and dreaded charms?
A monarch who to indolence gives way
Is by the vileſt wretches led aſtray.
Star-gazers, chymiſts, and dull monks, contrive
To bubble him, and on his folly thrive.
By avarice to alchymiſts betray'd,
He thinks each piece with treaſures will be paid;
Th' aſtrologer he aſks, if heaven benign
Permits to go to council or to dine;
As knaviſh monks direct he god adores,
And to eſcape from hell gives up his ſtores.
Such kings we ſhould no more than idols prize;
Idols who ſee not, tho' endu'd with eyes.
A king who has both ſenſe and talents rare,
We juſtly to the almighty may compare.

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Knowledge of arts, 'tis true, ſhould not alone
Diſtinguiſh him that ſits upon a throne.
Of all the kings in ſacred hiſtory nam'd,
Which for his royal virtues was moſt fam'd?
'Twas Solomon, by God himſelf inſpir'd,
Belov'd in Sion, by the world admir'd;
Rul'd by a ſage, his ſubjects all were bleſt,
Of all earth bears they were by trade poſſeſt:
His navy viſited each diſtant ſhore,
And ſtill new wealth to fam'd Judea bore:
Thus fleets to Bourdeaux, and to London, bring
All Aſia's treaſures at returning ſpring,
To him not dazzled by ſo bright a throne,
The art to enjoy what he poſſeſt was known.
'Tis thus wiſe monarchs o'er their ſubjects reign;
Knowledge, if not to prudence join'd, is vain.
A monarch ſhould not, 'midſt a thouſand cares,
Neglect for love of money ſtate affairs.
To you that Engliſh monarch's hiſtory's known,
James of his name the firſt who filled the throne,
† Who in ſad exile let his nephew die,
Tho' he cou'd neceſſary aid ſupply;

† Frederick the 5th, Elector Palatine, elected King of Bohemia, defeated at the battle of Prague, in 1619, and deprived of his dominions.

Tho'

His nephew's wrongs the king ſhould have redreſs'd,
Reliev'd the German towns by force oppreſt;
He ſhould, by force, inſulting foes have quell'd,
And between nations a juſt ballance held:
Not as a doctor, labour to be great,
And tracts pedantic to Chriſt dedicate*.
No king of parts in pedantry delights,
He juſtly thinks, and like a hero fights:
Such Julian was, ill-known to vulgar eyes,
Dreaded, yet lov'd, and tho' a warriour, wiſe:
Such Cæſar, who to all things great aſpir'd,
Who conquer'd Rome, and was by Rome admir'd:
Your model he had been in every art,
Had he not baniſh'd juſtice from his heart.

* James the firſt dedicated a ſhort treatiſe to Jeſus Chriſt; Father Talon dedicated one to the Trinity. Such dedications were then in faſhion.

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At the Camp before PHILISBURGH, July 3, 1734.

WITHOUT a bed we now ſleep ſound
And take our meals upon the ground;
And tho' the blazing atmoſphere
Muſt dreadful to the eye appear,
The air tho' roaring cannons rend
Whilſt warriors with fierce rage contend,
The thoughtleſs French drink, laugh, and ſing,
And with their mirth the heavens ring;
The walls of Philipſbourgh ſhall burn,
And all her towers to aſhes turn
By fifty thouſand Alexanders,
Who all deſerve to be commanders,
Tho' they receive the paultry pay
Of only poor four ſous a day.
Laviſh of life, with high delight
I ſee them ruſhing to the fight;

They

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They all appear both gay and jolly,
Quite cover'd o'er with fame and folly.
The Phantom, which we Glory name,
Spurs them to the purſuit of fame
With threat'ning eye, and front all o'er
Bedufted, marching ſtill before;
She holds a trumpet in her hand
To ſound to arms, and chear the band,
And loudly ſings, with voice ſoronous,
Catches, which they repeat in chorous.
Oh! people brilliant, gay, and vain,
Who drag with patience glory's chain,
'Tis great, an honourable grave
To ſeek, Eugene and Death to brave.
But what will be your mighty prize?
What from your prowes will ariſe?
Regret your blood, in vain you ſpilt it;
At Paris cuckolded, or jilted.

Anſwer

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* Anſwer to a LADY, or one who paſſed for ſuch.

THE higheſt praiſes you beſtow me,
And finiſh with deſires to know me;
You'll praiſe me leſs when I am known;
But what I am I'll freely own.
Three revolutions of the ſphere
Will bring about my fortieth year;
Phœbus preſided at the time
That I was born, I liſp'd in rhyme;
The potent God approv'd my wit,
And to his preſence did admit:
My heart was by the God ſubdu'd,
I worſhipp'd him thro' gratitude.

* In 1732, a gentleman of Bretagne, for a frolick, wrote letters to ſeveral of the wits of Paris, and ſigned them with a woman's name, This artifice impoſed upon every body, and gave occaſion to the preſent anſwer.

Their

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Their inclinations ſome excite,
But fate ordain'd that I ſhou'd write.
My ſoul was by each taſte poſſeſt,
Each noble art inflam'd my breaſt:
Painting delights me: oft' I've been
At the king's or duke's palace, ſeen
Gazing on works with raptur'd eye,
Where art with natute ſeems to vie;
Paul Verones's noble fire
And ſkill divine I much admire;
Pouſſin and Raphael, my ſight
Raviſh with exquiſite delight.
From thoſe rooms to the opera, I
Upon the wings of pleaſure fly;
What there gives pleaſure, from me draws
The tribute of deſerv'd applauſe.
In muſic, Mauret's ſprightly ſtrain,
* Deſtouches's grace, my praiſe obtain,
† Peliſſier's art, le More's fine voice,
Pleaſing by turns, ſuſpend my choice.

---

* Pleaſing muſicians.
† Actrices belonging to the opera.

Sometimes

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Sometimes I to that ſcience ſoar
Which teaches nature to explore,
Following great Newton thro' the ſky
I to find natural cauſes try;
I'd know if Cynthia in her courſe
Is by a changeful central force
Towards us made to gravitate,
And coming near acquires new weight;
I read philoſophers profound,
Who nature by their reaſon ſound;
I ſee Cleraut, Maupertius, riſe
By calculation to the ſkies;
And I indeed too often find
Such ſtudies but perplex my mind.
Obſcure reſearches ſet apart,
I ſtudy next the human heart.
I often Paſcal's works review,
A genius ſingular and new;
That ſatyriſt, devout and ſage,
Againſt mankind too prone to rage.
I, his auſterity oppoſe;
He'd have men to themſelves be foes.
A friend to man, I ſtrive to ſhew
How he to love himſelf may know.

I'am

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I'm free from paſſion, care, and ſtrife;
The muſe diverſifies my life:
My day begins with joy, and ends
In chearful ſuppers with my friends.
I now no more of love complain,
Reaſon at laſt has broke my chain;
I follow Cupid now no more,
The happy age of love is o'er;
With love's flame muſt I no more burns?
Each art I cultivate in turn,
Indolent languor to avoid;
But all this can't fill up the void,
For notwithſtanding all my pains
Still there a craving void remains.

* Epiſtle

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* Epiſtle to Monſieur de Bussi, Biſhop of Lucon, upon the Hurry and Buſtle of the Town.

OH Buſſy, who wert ſurely born
The church and mankind to adorn ;
Soon as profuſely Flora pours
Upon the plains her various flowers,
To much lov'd Paris ſtraight repair ;
Where is your home if 'tis not there ?
And could even heaven itſelf diſplay
A brighter heaven, more brilliant day,
If we could any means contrive
That monſter Hurry hence to drive ;
That hideous monſter let us fly,
A female, whoſe moſt baleful eye
Does the beholder facinate,
By heaven created in it's hate,

* Wrote in 1724.

And

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And ſo our climes delightful ſent
Amidſt our pleaſures to torment;
How flattery from her lips diſtills!
Flattery, the ſource of many ills.
Impoſture follows as her maid,
And ever lends her dangerous aid;
Perplexity, Suſpicion pale,
Attend with ſteps that ſeem to fail;
Still eager for ſome falſe report,
To the wretch Error pays her court.
May love fly far on his light wings
From hurry, ſhe corruption brings;
And let him ceaſe to forge his darts
For guilty beauties yielding hearts.
I hate the railer who defames
Virtues, and gives them vices names,
Dullneſs by him content of mind
As folly conſtancy's defin'd.
The man is happy to whoſe ſhare
Falls eaſe and freedom from all care;
Whom bleſt in love no tricks e'er vex,
Intrigues nor ruffle nor perplex.
His miſtreſs no coquet, but gay,
Rewards him at the cloſe of day.

Lovers

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Lovers like these with bliss are crown'd,
With pleasure ever circl'd round.
Then chearful prelate don't delay,
To joy and Paris haste away;
The humblest of your friends, Voltaire,
Your absence can no longer bear;
Of graces, an obsequious band,
Will ready be at your command;
And I'll your excellence salute
With jocund airs upon the flute;
And as towards you I advance,
Quite mad with joy I'll leap and dance.

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* Epiſtle to Monſieur DE GERVASI, the Phyſician.

YOU return'd to Paris a phyſician renown'd,
Thoſe you cur'd of the plague your juſt praiſes reſound;
Like Hyppocrates ſelf you reſtor'd the diſeas'd,
And the peſtilence rage by your art was appeas'd;
At Maiſons mean time I lay on a ſick bed,
And thought I ſhould in a few momcnts be dead.
The grim king of terrors relentleſs death,
Shook his terrible ſcythe, I was gaſping for breath:
Old Charon puſh'd forward, with ſail and with oar,
And I thought I ſhou'd ſoon ſee the fam'd Stygian ſhore:

* Monſieur de Gervaſi, a celebrated phyſician of Paris, had been ſent to cure the plague, and at his return he cured the author of the ſmall pox, at the caſtle of Maiſons, ſix leagues from Paris, in the year 1723.

But

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But like Æſculapius you came to my aid,
And death from his conqueror retreated diſmay'd.
Had you undertook dear Genonville to cure,
He had from death's direful attacks been ſecure;
He'd have liv'd, and I ſtill had the pleaſure enjoy'd
Of his converſe, with which I cou'd never be cloy'd,
And my eyes, which in death had been clos'd but for you,
Tears for a loſt friend would not each day bedue.
To you, and to your cares I own myſelf debtor,
That of my diſeaſe I have now got the better;
That now all my griefs and afflictions have end,
That I ſtill am belov'd, and I ſtill love my friend:
Maiſons, my phyſician, I ſhall now ſee once more,
Maiſons, the phyſician, that cur'd me before;
Maiſons, whoſe deep ſcience ſurpaſſes his age,
Who rivals in medical ſkill the Greek ſage.
I hope my laſt tragedy will not diſguſt
The virtuous Sully, as brave as he's juſt;
That his gen'rous heart will diſcover ſome pleaſure
To ſee me reviv'd, and intent upon meaſure;
And that fam'd Mariamne's diſtreſs may impart,
Some tender ſenſations to his gen'rous heart.

You

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You gardens of Villars, ſeats with bliſs ever crown'd,
'Twas there I again met the hero renown'd;
Whom peace crown'd with olive to his country brings,
Triumphant and joyous upon victory's wings:
There I ſaw Richlieu gay, the delight of his age,
Whoſe wit and vivacity all men engage;
When Richlieu appears, all my miſery ends,
He'll ſoon reunite me to his amiable friends:
And thou Bolingbroke, by Apollo inſpir'd,
As an orator, wit, and a ſtateſman admir'd:
You to whom I ſo often have liſten'd before,
I ſhall live and improve by your converſe once more;
But what ſad idea poſſeſſes my mind,
Shall my miſtreſs, ſhall my charming miſtreſs be kind?
Her image was ſtrongly impreſs'd on my heart,
When I thought I was ready from this world to depart;
Her virtues, her graces, and her charms divine,
The pleaſures I taſted when I once call'd her mine;
In my laſt moments cheriſh'd my amorous fire,
And my heart love poſſeſs'd when I thought to expire.

Can

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Can ſhe then have forgot me, can ſhe then prove unkind,
But wretch as I am, why ſo wanders my mind?
From death ſcarce eſcap'd, can love ſtill in my breaſt,
Be of all my affections, and my reaſon poſſeſs'd.

THE

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THE
REQUISITES TO HAPPINESS.

A Man muſt think, or elſe the brute
May his ſuperior worth diſpute;
A man muſt love, for were it not
For love, moſt hard would be his lot.

A man muſt always have a friend,
To whoſe advice he may attend;
Whoſe friendly ſympathy ſtill knows,
Our bliſs to encreaſe, aſſwage our woes.

He muſt at the approach of night,
Still ſup with freedom and delight;
Drink the beſt wine, and dainties eat,
And make before he's drunk retreat.

Each night he muſt his love declare,
With raptures to the yielding fair;

Muſt

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Muſt when awake her charms adore,
And when he ſleeps muſt think them o'er.

My friends you all will ſure allow,
That I true bliſs have ſhewn you now;
And when my Sylvia I addreſs'd,
I ſoon was of ſuch bliſs poſſeſs'd.

EPISTLE

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Epiſtle to a LADY, very well known to the whole town.

PHILLIS how much the times are chang'd,
Since in a hack the town you rang'd,
Since without dreſs or train you ſhone,
Conſpicuous for your charms alone;
When tho' you ſupp'd on ſorry fare,
You nectar ſeem'd with gods to ſhare,
You fooliſhly to one conſign'd,
Beauty which might charm all mankind:
A deſp'rate lover, who for life,
Engag'd you when he made his wife.
You then no treaſure did inherit,
Your beauty was your only merit,
Your boſom charms divine diſplay'd;
There Cupid ſtill in ambuſh laid;
Your heart was tender, and your mind
To youthful frolicks much inclin'd.

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With ſo many charms endu'd,
What woman e'er cou'd be a prude?
That fault, oh! beauty all divine,
Is very far from being thine;
Becauſe of favours you were free,
You were the better lik'd by me.
How differently you live, grown great,
Your life is but the farce of ſtate;
The hoary porter, who ſtill plies
At your houſe door, and tells ſuch lies,
Is a juſt emblem of the age,
His very looks ill-luck preſage;
He thinks the duty of his place, is
To drive away the loves and graces.
The tender train's abaſh'd, afraid
Your pompous palace to invade.
When you were young to my amazement,
I've ſeen them enter at the caſement;
I've ſeen them enter ev'ry day,
And in your chamber nimbly play.
Not all your carpets, and your plate,
Not all your proud parade of ſtate,
Thoſe goblets which ſo brightly ſhine,
Grav'd by Germain with art divine;

Thoſe

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Thoſe cloſets nobly furniſh'd where,
Martin's exceeds the China ware.
Your vaſes of japan, and all
The brittle wonders of your hall;
Your diamond pendants which appear
With ſuch bright luſtre at each ear;
Your ſolitaires ſo dazzling bright,
Your pomp which ſtrikes the gazer's ſight,
Are worth one quarter of that bliſs,
Which once you imparted by a kiſs.

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To her Royal Highneſs the Princeſs of * * *.

A Beauteous princeſs often may
Languiſh in pleaſures ſeaſon gay;
The empty forms of haughty ſtate,
Oft make life tedious to the great.

It muſt the greateſt kings confound,
With all his courtiers circled round;
Amidſt a ſplendid court to find,
That grandeur can't give peace of mind.

Some think that play can give delight,
But ſoon it grows inſipid quite;
And monarchs have been often ſeen,
Whilſt gaming, tortur'd with the ſpleen.

A king oft feaſts with heavy heart,
Pleaſures to him no joy impart;

Whilſt

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Whilſt the dull vulgar contemplate,
Like gazing ideots pomp and ſtate,
And fondly think who is poſſeſs'd,
Of them with bliſs ſupreme is bleſs'd.

Soon as the ſons refulgent rays,
Spread o'er the hemiſphere their blaze;
The king begins another day,
Yet knows not where to take his way:
Tir'd of himſelf he ſtraight repairs
To company, to ſooth his cares.

But pleaſure flies from his embrace,
It riſes not from change of place;
This day's inſipid as the laſt,
At night he knows not how it paſs'd.

Times loſs is not to be repair'd,
Life's to an inſtant well compar'd;
What, when life poſts away ſo faſt,
Can days appear ſo long to laſt?

Princeſs whoſe worth above thy age,
All hearts at two courts can engage;

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You uſefully that time employ,
By youth conſum'd in rapid joy.

The genius given by heavy benign,
You ſtrive to poliſh and refine,
By ſtudies which at once unite
Inſtructions ſolid with delight.

'Tis beſt the mind ſhou'd be employ'd,
Indolence leaves a craving void;
The ſoul is like a ſubtle fire,
Which if not fed muſt ſoon expire.

To

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* To the Duke of RICHLIEU, Marshal of FRANCE, in whose honour the Senate of GENOA had just before caused a statue to be erected.

TO thee as her deliverer prais'd,
A statue Genoa has rais'd;
Your uncle with less lustre shone,
His glory was not so far known;
He doubtless would have jealous been,
If he that monument had seen,
Which you in youthful days acquir'd,
When universally admir'd,
And thought the wonder of your age,
For talents which all hearts engage.
To take a model of that face,
The court of Venus form'd to grace;
Of love he had made choice alone,
That God to changing ever prone;

* Written at Luneville, the 18th of November, 1748.

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Leſs ſoft had he the features made,
Vertumnus face he had diſplay'd,
The graces of the young and gay
Courtier at length muſt paſs away;
Your glory will encreaſe with age,
Your air will then appear more ſage:
At this you're not at all content,
You wiſh life cou'd in love be ſpent,
But pleaſures were not made to laſt,
They hurry to their period faſt;
But ſtill your influence you'll maintain,
By wit and valour ſtill you'll reign.
The features of Richlieu the rover,
The gallant, gay, and favour'd lover,
In miniature ſhall oft be found,
In boxes which ſhall much abound;
With ſkill by famous Mace wrought,
For Richlieu's ſake by many bought:
But thoſe of Richlieu, the victorious,
Support of armies, heroe glorious;
Richlieu, who could protect by arms
A commonwealth in dire alarms;
Theſe are more pleaſing to my ſight,
They give me more ſincere delight.

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I aſk your pardon, you are not quite
So ſage, tho' ſtill prepar'd to fight;
Altho' you can a city ſave,
You're not a patriot ſtern and grave.
I would not have the world be told
That you are grown auſtere and old;
Who did at Fontenoy diſplay
Such courage on that glorious day;
Againſt the foe your thunder lance,
And crown with victory flying France.
Laviſh of life you in the field
With terror made the allies yield;
When England, Auſtria, envy lay
Vanquiſh'd, you came without delay;
To Paris Cyprian wars to wage,
Subdue by love not hoſtile rage.
Love's wings and times you have curtail'd,
In love and war alike prevail'd;
For ladies you can break a lance,
Juſt as for Genoa and France.

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O D E S.

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O D E S.

Upon FANATICISM*.

ASPASIA, whose heroic mind
Nobly aspires the truth to find;
Who in philosophy profound,
The nature of thy God hast found.
You know that being great, supreme,
From you his emanations beam;
Of all his works the most compleat,
Your genius shews that he is great;
You worthy homage to him pay,
O'er you weak error bears no sway.
But as you wisely still reject
The errors of the godless sect:

* This ode was written in the year 1732. It was inscribed to the famous marchioness du Chastelet, whose genius was admired by all the men of true learning, and all the wits of Europe.

Fanaticism's

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Fanaticiſm's rage unbleſt
You fly and equally deteſt;
You worſhip the eternal power
Without falſe zeal, auſterely ſour;
Falſe zeal, which bigot ſouls inſpires,
And oft with rage deſtructive fires.
A ſubject thus ſincere and juſt,
Before his monarch's throne auguſt,
Free from all ſervile awe can ſtand,
Not flatter like the courtly band.

Fanaticiſm's frantic flame
Firſt from religion's altars came;
That fiend profanes her rights divine,
And men with horror fly the ſhrine.
Religion, he profanes thy name,
Thy kindred he preſumes to claim;
From you, that horrid peſt of earth
Pretends that he derives his birth.
Could ſuch a mother e'er be curſt
With ſuch a ſon of fiends the worſt.

Sometimes we in an atheiſt's mind
Humanity's fair virtues find;

Their

Their error always to their heart
Does not contagion vile impart.
* Desbarreaux was with mildness blest,
Justice and candor fill'd his breast:
The God, with whom he strove in vain
A senseless combat to maintain,
His weakness with compassion view'd,
And with some worth his soul endu'd.
I own, I shou'd be much inclin'd
To pity him as mad and blind,
Who in his folly should deny
That the sun's rays pervade the sky.
A man does not so much blaspheme
Denying God the judge supreme,
As when he paints him to mankind
As cruel, and to wrath inclin'd,
Taking delight in human woes,
His creatures treating as his foes.

When man by error is mislead,
When superstition turns his head,

* Desbarreaux was a counsellor of parliament; when he made his clients wait any considerable time, he paid the suit costs.

When

When that chimera's baleful force
Has poiſon'd pure religions ſource,
His heart relentleſs grows, and hard,
Acceſs to reaſon is debarr'd;
His fury nothing can aſſwage,
His juſtice then is turn'd to rage;
No more compunction he can feel,
But ſacrilege commits thro' zeal.

In that Court, by the French proſcrib'd,
Whoſe horrors ſcarce can be deſcrib'd,
In that curſt court where truth's prophan'd,
Reaſon by ignorance enchain'd;
The reverend tyrants without ſhame
Made Galileo truth diſclaim.
Thy ſyſtem, oh! illuſtrious ſage,
Abjure to calm their barbarous rage.

In the moſt ſilent hour of night
See Paris fill'd with dire affright;
See carnage raging all around,
Thouſands expiring on the ground;
Brothers by brothers ſlain expire,
The ſon aſſaſſinate the ſire;

Againſt

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Against the husband see the wife
In frenzy turn the murderous knife;
Inhuman priests their rage excite,
In blood and slaughter they delight.

Noted for manners mild, and mirth,
Can the French owe to these their birth?
You Jansenists and Molinists, who
Each other with such hate pursue;
Who fierce disputes and contests hold,
As Grecian Sophists did of old;
Fear least your quarrels should once more
Occasion bloodshed as before.
With less of furious rage contend,
You know not where your jars may end.

The Grecian sages you despise,
Tho' by the world reputed wise;
Their ignorance dark as shades of night,
Is dissipated by your light:
But tho' such guides were weak and blind,
Tho' oft they might mislead mankind,
They ne'er made persecution rage,
Copy their moderation sage.

Their

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Their various errors you may blame,
But let your mildneſs be the ſame.

Ye wretches, would you comprehend
Religion's nature and 'its end,
Behold Marſeilles, when every gale
Did peſtilence and death exhale,
When the tomb ſwallow'd up the dead,
The land when ruin overſpread
The towns of citizens, the plains
Depriv'd of the induſtrious ſwains,
And Terror fill'd each neighbouring ſtate,
Leaſt they ſhould ſhare it's hapleſs fate,

* The good Belzuns then ſtrove to ſave
His Flock from the devouring grave:
Langeron prodigal of bteath,
Brav'd all the fierce attacks of death.
Whilſt you ſtrain'd hard with labour vain
Your trivial dogmas to ſuſtain;

* Mr. de Belzuns, Biſhop of Marſeilles, and Mr. de Langeron, the governor, in perſon, adminiſtered remedies to the infected; tho' the prieſts and phyſicians would not venture to come near them.

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And all your conferences were full
Of father Quenel, and the bull;
Points, by the knowing, valu'd not,
And which will ſhortly be forgot.

Muſt we, to inſtruct the human race,
Humanity itſelf deface?
Muſt hatred's torch light on the way,
Leaſt we from ſacred truth ſhould ſtray?
The man who can compaſſion ſhew,
Whoſe heart can feel another's woe,
Can by example virtue teach,
Seems moſt perſuaſively to preach.
The pedant, with o'er weening pride,
Intent to argue and decide,
Who blows up perſecution's flame,
A vile impoſtor we ſhou'd name.

ODE.

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O D E.

Inſcribed to the gentlemen of the Academy of Sciences, who ſailed to the Polar Circle, and the Line, in order to aſcertain the figure of the earth.

OH truth ſublime! Urania, heavenly maid!
Bright emanation of the eternal mind,
By whom all nature's ſecrets are diſplay'd,
Who range the heavens with ſpirit unconfin'd.

Whilſt you thoſe heroes o'er the ſeas attend,
Sages and miniſters of thy ſacred laws,
From the equator or the pole, attend
The words of one that's zealous in thy cauſe.

On what great buſineſs are thy ſons intent?
They mean to pull the vail from nature's face;

On

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On moſt important truths their minds are bent,
To find earths maſs, its figure and its ſpace.

Their voyage has even rous'd the ſilent ſhades,
I ſee thoſe Grecian heroes ghoſts ariſe,
Chiefs whom in Colchos, the admiring maids
Beheld in times of yore with raviſh'd eyes.

Ye Argonautes, ye demi-gods of Greece,
The twins and Orpheus, thou whoſe ſure addreſs,
Found means to win the much fam'd golden fleece,
And fair Medea's charms divine poſſeſs.

When our fam'd worthies labours you behold,
Your own exploits you view with conſcious ſhame;
The brighteſt glories of the times of old
Are vanquiſh'd, and eclips'd by modern fame.

Whene'er Greece ſpoke the liſt'ning world admir'd;
And even her falſhoods cou'd regard obtain;
Her writers were by vanity inſpir'd,
Highly to celebrate atchievements vain.

Happy

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Happy the firſt in glory's great career,
They're ſtill ſucceſsful in acquiring fame;
Whilſt thoſe who later in the liſts appear,
By all their efforts ſcarce procure a name.

Falſhood in memory's temple makes abode,
And graves there by credulity's weak hand,
Annals which muſt to ev'ry age be ſhew'd,
Which as the monuments of truth muſt ſtand.

Thoſe fables, oh! Urania, heavenly maid,
Thoſe names illuſtrious uſurp'd deface;
By thee be to th' admiring world diſplay'd,
Of real heroes the illuſtrious race.

The Genoeſe, who the new world firſt found,
Cortez who vanquiſh'd it, with great ſurprize,
Seeing our ſages earth extent ſail round,
In terms like theſe extoll'd the enterpriſe.

Our great atchievements were by all men prais'd,
Our glorious actions none could emulate,
Thoſe to whom mortals oft have altars rais'd,
Were leſs entitled to the name of great.

We

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We have done much, 'tis true, you have done more;
Plutus was in America our guide;
Virtue's your leader, whilst you earth explore,
Your breasts resolv'd in virtue still confide.

Whilst thus they spoke, Newton from heaven look'd down,
Newton upon them fix'd his piercing eyes,
And said, your labours shall my labours crown,
Like me to glory's summit you shall rise.

Whilst mortals, objects of contempt and scorn,
Under the yoke of prepossession bend;
Wretches who might as well have ne'er been born,
Since e'er they learn to live their lives they end.

To truth let your immortal spirits soar,
Pour on all minds bright truth's refulgent day;
To you the mighty God whom you adore,
Has given of his divinity a ray.

It is his pleasure that you cultivate,
The genius which he only can bestow;
He that instructs mankind is truly great,
The noblest object we behold below.

But

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But above all that monſter envy fly,
  And its curſt offspring which with helliſh ire,
Purſues all merit. Envy ſure ſhould die,
  In thoſe pure ſouls who to the heavens aſpire.

Let a vile Zoilus, who carps at all,
  Revile each genius who adorns the age;
Let him his venal quill ſtill dip in gall,
  Act baſely, write with rancour and with rage.

Copy thoſe bleſſed ſpirits, thoſe ſons of light,
  Who in the empyreum wear a ſtarry crown;
Who like the great firſt mover from the height
  Of heaven, on mortals look propitious down.

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O D E.

Upon the PEACE concluded in 1736.

ETNA within his cavern dire,
Thunder conceals and liquid fire;
On earth the fiery torrent pours,
And its inhabitants devours.
Your ſteps afflicted Driads turn
From dreary plains which always burn:
Thoſe caverns where hell ſeems to breath
In fire and ſulphur from beneath;
Thoſe gulfs which to deep Tartarius bend,
Their furious floods inceſſant ſend.

More fierce and terrible the Po,
Makes his fierce ſtream his banks o'erflow;
Pours thro' the plain his furious waves,
Foams, and with dreadful uproar raves:

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He ſpreads deſtruction thro' the plain,
Fright, terror, death, compoſe his train;
And thro' Ferrara's fire conveys
The ſpoils of nations to the ſeas.

This war where elements contend,
Who heavens expance with fury rend;
Theſe ſhocks by which all nature quakes,
By which earth's ſolid baſis ſhakes:
Scourges of heaven which oft appear
To hang o'er this ſad hemiſphere;
Are all diſaſters much leſs dire,
Than ſtateſmen who too high aſpire;
From them leſs deſolation ſprings,
Than from the dangerous feuds of kings.

From India's verge to Gallia's ſhore,
One family the ſun rolls o'er:
O'er this love only ſtill ſhou'd reign,
And union amongſt all maintain.
Mortals you're bound by ſacred tye,
Therefore thoſe cruel arms lay by;
Can you advantage gain by fight;
Can you in havock find delight?

When

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When you're ſunk in death's diſmal gloom,
What bliſs expect you in the tomb?

Thoſe ſoldiers well deſerve applauſe,
Who combat in their countries cauſe;
But you for hire your lives expoſe,
You're paid to combat other's foes:
You die to prop ſome tyrant's throne,
Some tyrant to your eyes unknown;
You're hired aſſaſſins to defend
Lords, who ill pay you in the end.

Such are thoſe greedy birds of prey,
Thoſe animals who man obey,
Who can their native fierceneſs tame,
And teach them to purſue their game;
The ſounding horn excites their rage,
And makes them ardent to engage;
They headlong pour upon the game,
Not led by int'reſt, choice, or fame;
The victory they ſtrive to gain,
Altho' no prize they can obtain.

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Italy, climate of delight,
How much you suffer'd by the fight!
With desolation cover'd o'er,
You're Europe's garden now no more!
An army of confederate powers,
With greediness your crops devours;
Altho' the curs'd destructive band,
Vow'd to revenge your injur'd land:
Ravag'd and desolate you fight
To assert a foreign master's right.

Let kings be arm'd, yet discords cease,
Let them all reign like gods of peace;
Let them the thunder bear on high,
But never lance it thro' the sky.
The faithful shepherd who befriends
His flock, and with due care attends;
By care and diligence obtains
Th' applause of all the neighbouring swains:
Unpitied may that shepherd die,
Who let's his flocks neglected lie,
Who can his fleecy care expose,
To perish by the wolves their foes.

In

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In that king's fame, can I take part,
Whoſe frenzy ſtabs me to the heart:
A king at whoſe capricious will,
My hearts blood I'm oblig'd to ſpill?
When I'm by indigence oppreſs'd,
Diſeas'd, depriv'd of needful reſt;
Say, ſhall my lot more bleſs'd appear,
When I our princes glories hear;
Shall my diſtreſſes all be o'er,
If German plains are drench'd in gore?
Colbert, whoſe praiſes we reſound,
Who planted arts on Gallic ground:
France ſhall revere you as a ſage,
Poſterity in ev'ry age
Shall own you born the land to bleſs,
And Louvois be applauded leſs;
Louvois, who with ambition dire,
Set the Palatinate on fire;
And Holland to deſtroy aſpir'd,
Had with his fury fate conſpir'd.

Let Lewis even in decline,
Still as the greateſt monarch ſhine:

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But may he wiſely fame acquire,
Not to the conqueror's wreath aſpire;
Lewis in peace claims juſt applauſe,
His ſubjects all revere his laws;
Their happineſs from Lewis ſprings,
Lewis the greateſt, beſt of kings.

ODE

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O D E.

To the King of PRUSSIA upon his acceſſion to the throne.

AT Length arrives the bleſt auſpicious day,
Which ſheds its kindeſt influence on thee;
A day which fills thee only with diſmay,
Whilſt others wiſh thy exalted ſtate to ſee.

Fly hence you fanatic, ye fraudful bands,
Ye perſecutors who enſlave the mind;
Whoſe ſouls implacable and frantic hands,
Delight in carnage, and deſtruction find.

Shall odious calumny ſtill lift her head?
Monſter thou didſt, with curſed rage inſpir'd,
On fam'd Deſcartes and Bayle thy venom ſhed,
On Wolfe who Leibnitz to approach aſpir'd.

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You from the ſacred altar took a ſword,
Whoſe point you turn'd againſt each far-fam'd ſage;
By the ſame weapon ſhall your breaſt be gor'd,
Your blood ſhall expiate your frantic rage.

He ſtrikes, you die, his arm aſſerts truths cauſe;
Truth is reſtor'd, and error diſappears;
Philoſophy is freed from tyrant laws,
The face of nature glorious freedom chears.

And you, your odious rules, by Borgia taught,
The art in gov'rning mankind to oppreſs;
The art of crimes with vileſt maxims fraught,
The art which tyrants openly profeſs.

May you to oblivion ever be conſign'd,
With too much eaſe men learn the dang'rous art;
The crafts of policy ſhew a narrow mind,
The beſt of ſtateſmen has a gen'rous heart.

The annals of all nations amply ſhew,
That tyrants never taſted ſweet repoſe,
But ſuffer all their lives unceaſing woe,
As they on others bring a load of woes.

They

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They died with infamy, they died with rage,
  But Trajan, Titus, Antoninus wise;
The ornaments and blessings of their age
  Liv'd blest, and calmly clos'd their dying eyes.

In thee those heroes shall again arise,
  Virtue with happiness shall still be crown'd;
You may with justice claim fair virtue's prize,
  Since in you ev'ry royal virtue's found.

Upon the throne we now behold a sage,
  A blessing which men rarely can obtain;
He who is able to instruct the age,
  Is doubtless worthy o'er mankind to reign.

Presumptuous ignorance long has spurn'd the head
  Of patient merit, which defenceless lay;
The fury dar'd on sciences to tread,
  And virtue's self was forced to bear her sway.

Immers'd in soft delights, the courtly train
  Think man was never born the truth to know;
All knowledge they despise as weak and vain,
  Tho' science can content of mind bestow.

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Dunces to truth can ſcarcely ope their eyes,
Their ſouls are wrapt in darkneſs black as night;
Behold a Northern Solomon ariſe,
Approach Barbarians to the ſource of light.

O D E.

Digitized by Google

O D E.

Upon the death of the Emperor CHARLES the ſixth *.

THE Cedar which ſo long defied the rage
Of winds and ſtorms, now ſinks upon the ground;
That cedar which cou'd flouriſh even in age,
And with its boughs o'erſhade the ſtates around.
The ſtroke is given, the cedar dies,
And on the plain extended lies.

Behold the king of kings ſupreme in power,
Death from his brow has thirty diadems torn;
His power extenſive's vaniſh'd in an hour,
Crowns can't preſerve the men by whom they're worn.
Oh, haughty race! oh, race auguſt!
You now are levell'd with the duſt.

* Written in November 1740.

The

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The tomb abſorbs his very name,
He's now no longer the renown'd;
That he once reign'd is all his fame,
No courtiers now his praiſe reſound.
Thus kings when once life's breath is fled,
Are number'd with the vulgar dead.

Ah! wherefore did he not his ſquadrons head,
Where Eugene delug'd deep the enſanguin'd field;
His numerous cohorts by their monarch led,
Had made the allied army quit the field.
Their arms the Empire had upheld,
And the invading Turks repell'd.

Had he not idly loiter'd in a town,
And none but his own chiefs with dread inſpir'd;
Had he to pull the haughty Sultan down,
Warm with ambitions noble flame aſpir'd.
Had he fell Turkiſh rage reſtrain'd,
And from his ſubjects blood refrain'd.

All war declining like a monarch ſage,
Had he to mankind ſhewn himſelf a friend;

With

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With virtue, arts, and plenty, bless'd the age,
And to alarms and discord put an end.
Reviv'd the peace to Rome once known,
When great Augustus fill'd the throne.

Then fame had round him wav'd her purple wings,
With glorious light his head incircled round:
He had been plac'd amongst illustrious kings,
He had been as a patriot king renown'd.
Happy had been the monarchs fate,
Esteem'd not only good but great.

I don't the harmonious art of verse profane,
I do not dip my pen in satires gall;
Apollo disapproves the audacious strain,
I must not one reproachful word let fall.
I must not by one single line
Offend a king, the royal power's divine.

But sacred truth, impartial goddess fame,
Thou to whose orders mortals still attend;
Love of mankind, which does my breast inflame,
Your needful succour to my genius lend.

Do

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Do you my lays inſpire.
Mortals I'll teach to aſpire.

Monarchs death cites you to that court auguſt,
Wherein poſterity, a judge moſt ſage,
Shall paſs on you a ſentence wiſe and juſt,
Truſting the depoſitions of your age.
'Tis to poſterity alone,
The real worth of kings is known.

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O D E.

* To the Queen of HUNGARY.

PRINCESS deſcended from that noble race,
Which ſtill in danger held the imperial throne,
Who human nature and thy ſex doſt grace,
Whoſe virtues even thy foes are forc'd to own.

The gen'rous French, as fierce as they're polite,
Who to true glory conſtantly aſpire;
Whilſt obſtinately they againſt thee fight,
Thy virtue and great qualities admire.

The French and Germans leagued by wond'rous tyes,
Make chriſtendom one diſmal ſcene of woe;
And from their friendſhip greater ills ariſe,
Than e'er did from their longeſt quarrels flow.

* Written the 30th of June, 1742.

Thus

Thus from the equator, and the frozen pole,
The impetuous winds drive on with headlong force;
Two clouds, which as they on each other roll,
Forth from their ſable ſkirts the thunder force.

Do virtuous kings ſuch ruin then ordain?
A calm they promiſe, but excite a ſtorm:
Felicity we hope far from their reign,
Whilſt they with ſlaughter dire the earth deform.

Oh! Fleury, wiſe and venerable ſage,
Whom good ne'er dazzles, danger ne'er alarms;
Who doſt exceed the antient Neſtor's age:
Muſt Europe never ceaſe to be in arms?

Would thou couldſt hold with prudent ſteady hand,
Europa's ballance, ſhut up Janus ſhrine;
Make feuds and diſcords ceaſe at thy command,
And bring from heaven Aſtrea, maid divine.

Wou'd France's treaſures were diſpers'd no more,
But prudently within the realm apply'd;
Opulence to our cities to reſtore,
And make it flouriſhing on ev'ry ſide,

You

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You arts from heaven, and from the muſes ſprung,
Whom Lewis brought triumphant into France;
Too long your hands were idle, lyres unſtrung,
'Tis time to ſtart from ſo profound a trance.

Your labours are of laſting glory ſure,
Whilſt warlike pomps, the triumphs of a day,
Blaze for a moment, never long endure,
But ſoon like fleeting ſhadows paſs away.

STANZAS.

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STANZAS.

Upon the Epic Poets.

THE antient Homer I admire,
Replete with faults, but full of fire;
He like the heroes of his time,
Is a great pratler, but ſublime.

Virgil cou'd greater charms impart
To poetry, and had more art:
But he his fire with Dido ſpends,
And with Lavinia coldly ends.

Too much of magic and falſe graces,
Taſſo below both poets places;
But his two heroines heavenly charms,
Have force, that critic rage diſarms.

Milton, tho' more ſublime than theſe,
Does not ſo much a reader pleaſe:

He

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He wrote in ſtrange fantaſtic flights,
For madmen, angels, helliſh ſprights.

'Twould be preſumption but to name
Myſelf with bards ſo dear to fame;
'Tis death alone that can decree,
What place ſhall be conſign'd to me.

You who by wit and beauty ſhine,
Who charm the world by grace divine;
In your affections, if I find
A place, I'm firſt of human kind.

STANZAS

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STANZAS.

IF you wou'd have me love once more,
The blisful age of love restore;
From wines free joys, and lovers cares,
Relentless time who no man spares,
Urges me quickly to retire,
And no more to such bliss aspire.

From such austerity exact,
Let's, if we can, some good extract;
Whose way of thinking with his age
Suits not, can ne'er be deem'd a sage.

Let sprightly youth its sallies gay,
Its follies amiable display;
Life to two moments is confin'd,
Let one to wisdom be consign'd.

You

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You ſweet deluſions of my mind,
Still to my ruling paſſion kind,
Which always brought a ſure relief
To life's accurſt companion grief.
Will you for ever from me fly,
And muſt I joyleſs, friendleſs die.

No mortal e'er reſigns his breath
I ſee, without a double death;
Who loves, and is belov'd no more,
His hapleſs fate may well deplore;
Life's loſs may eaſily be born,
Of love bereft man is forlorn.

'Twas thus thoſe pleaſures I lamented,
Which I ſo oft in youth repented;
My ſoul replete with ſoft deſire,
Vainly regretted youthful fire.

But friendſhip then, celeſtial maid,
From heaven deſcended to my aid;
Leſs lively than the amorous flame,
Altho' her tenderneſs the ſame.

The

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The charms of friendſhip I admir'd,
My ſoul was with new beauty fir'd;
I then made one in friendſhip's train,
But deſtitute of love complain.

PHI-

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PHILOSOPHICAL POEMS

UPON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

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PHILOSOPHICAL POEMS

UPON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

Upon the nature of VIRTUE.

THE ſpacious earth reſounds fair virtues fame,
The pulpit, bar, and ſtage, of her declame;
Virtue, 'tis ſaid, can ſometimes penetrate
To courts, and lurk behind the pomp of ſtate.
Virtue's a ſacred name, we always hear
The word pronounced with a delighted ear.
Mortals will ever cultivate deceit,
And ſharpers, greater ſharpers ſtill defeat:
Thus the deluded French blank tickets draw,
Tickets invented by the impoſtor Law:
That fool of Scotland, quite engroſs'd by pelf,
Who dup'd all mankind, and then dup'd himſelf.

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What's virtue? Say great Brutus, dear to fame,
Exclaim'd expiring, virtue's but a name.
To Zeno's followers 'twas ſo little known,
They thought all virtue apathy alone.
The Eaſtern Dervice pours to heaven his prayer,
With arms erect, and with a frantic air,
Dancing like mad, he loud invokes the ſkies,
And naming Mahomet in circles flies;
And when awhile he has in circles run,
He thinks the noble taſk of virtue done.
With hempen girdle, and unbluſhing face,
A monk brim full of ignorance and grace,
Does thro' the noſe his ritual rehearſe,
And ſings pſalms render'd ill in Latin verſe:
May piety like this a bleſſing find,
But what good hence reſults to human kind?
To him true virtue never ſure was known,
Who does no good but to himſelf alone.
When he who truths divine to mortals taught,
Was before Pilate by vile traitors brought:
What is the truth the Roman Prætor cried,
With all the haughty majeſty of pride?
The man divine, who all truth cou'd explain,
Made no reply, but ſilence and diſdain.

This

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This ſilent eloquence may ſerve to ſhew
That men were never made the truth to know;
But when a ſimple citizen, inſpir'd
With love of truth, the gods advice requir'd;
When as a ſage diſciple he explor'd,
How God by mortal man ſhou'd be ador'd;
The heavenly envoy, with the ſubject fir'd,
Declar'd the truth, the truth by God inſpir'd,
And in one word the will divine expreſt,
Love God, and love his creatures to be bleſt.
This is the law divine, the heavens above
Explain'd man's duty when they bid to love;
The world is full of vice, the man who flies,
Mankind can't virtuous be deem'd, but wiſe:
Man ſhou'd himſelf, and all mankind befriend,
Whither fanatick does thy phrenzy tend?
Wherefore that jaundic'd cheek, that haggard face,
* Why thoſe convulſions, that unequal pace?
Againſt the age you rave and ſtraight repair,
To cant at leiſure with ſome pious fair:
There ſaints run mad with ſtrange convulſions ſoar,
To heaven and God like men poſſeſs'd adore;

* Alludes to a ſect, which went by the name
ſionaries.

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There mounted on a ſtage they make loud cries,
Work miracles, and tell prophetic lies;
Thither the blind repair relief to find,
But to their * manſion back return blind;
The lame man leaping falls, the holy band
Lead back the wretch, a crutch in either hand;
The deaf who dull and void of ſenſe appears,
Liſtens attentive, tho' he nothing hears:
Meantime a troupe devout with tranſport fir'd,
And by the fooliſh multitude admir'd;
Preach to weak girls, who willingly give ear,
That the laſt dreadful day is drawing near.
Some ſouls in ſuch things much delight can find,
But don't ſome duties ſtill more ſtrongly bind?
Why does thy friend in want and ſickneſs lie,
Why do you to him needful aid deny?
With ſuch as you ſalvation's for the great,
The poor alone can miſs a bliſsful ſtate.
This judge, they ſay, is upright and auſtere,
Nothing can mollify his ſoul ſevere:

* The hoſpital of the quinze-vingt, founded at Paris by St. Lewis, and occupied by 300 blind men.

But

I underſtand he makes mankind deteſt
His power, ſince rigour always ſteels his breaſt.
But was his hand e'er known the world to bleſs,
Did he e'er ſuccour virtue in diſtreſs?
Did he e'er ſerve, or even protect by law,
The man who ſtands in court with humble awe?
His rigour to the guilty has been ſhewn,
The man's not juſt who puniſhes alone.
The juſt are ſtill benevolent. Long ſince,
The wicked miniſter of a virtuous prince,
Thus dar'd his curs'd ſuggeſtions to impart,
Timantes is a Calviniſt in heart;
A work of Calvin's at his houſe was ſeen,
Such odious heretics you ſhou'd not ſcreen;
He ſhou'd in priſon all his life be pent,
Or ſent into perpetual baniſhment.
This anſwer ſtraight return'd the prince auguſt,
Timantes I have faithful found and juſt;
That courtiers faults indeed to light you bring,
But you forget how well he ſerv'd his king.
This monarch's truly noble, wiſe diſcourſe
Inculcates virtue with a ſermon's force.
Shall fraud and inſolent pretenſions claim,
Even ſacred virtue's venerable name?

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Shall Germont weak dispenser of the laws,
Who, when Sejanus raves, wont plead my cause.
The insipid Cyrus, he whose only care
Is to be prais'd, and supper to prepare:
Shall these prophane fair virtue's sacred name?
Virtue with scorn rejects the senseless claim.
It is not due to these, but him who glows
With tenderness, and friendship's duties knows;
Norman and Cochin virtuous I confess,
Whose eloquence protected orphans bless;
It is not due vile * Mannori to thee,
Who sell thy anger for a paltry fee;
Who eloquence converted to a trade,
And not a pleading, but a libel made:
Judge to whose zeal right reason is the guide,
In speech De Thou, a Pucelle to decide;
A tender friend, a generous patron known,
That thou art virtuous sure all men must own.
Enjoy that title, thou whom men revere,
With wisdom thou art just, but not austere:

---

* A wretched lawyer, who being out of practice, and reduced to absolute beggary, had often received pecuniary assistance from the author, and afterwards pleaded against him in a most ridiculous manner.

Thou

Thou amidſt the dazzling pomp of awful ſtate,
Art lov'd as virtuous, not malign'd as great.
An author, whoſe prolific pen compos'd
Plans various, which to mankind he propos'd;
Who long wrote for ungrateful men alone,
Has coin'd a word to Vaugelas unknown.
This word I like, this word was made to impart
Ideas of virtue to the human heart.
You pedants, you grammarians of the ſchools,
Who meaſure ſyllables, and frame new rules:
To you the expreſſion may too bold appear,
But ſurely it muſt pleaſe each virtuous ear.

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P O E M.

Upon the Events of the Year 1744.

SHALL France be for ever with folly o'erſpread?
Timon, with ſelf-ſufficiency, laſt winter ſaid,
Timon who Antiquity's great worth proclaims,
And againſt his own times, tho' quite ignorant,
declaims.
His way towards Flanders why does our king bend,
Cries he, why abſurdly is he bent to defend,
Why would he the throne of the Cæſars uphold
Attack'd both by huſſars and Engliſh gold?
The young prince of Conti's wits ſurely muſt fail,
Elſe Italy's mountains he'd not try to ſcale,
And near Nice, with a king crown'd with conqueſt,
to fight
Upon frozen mountains of ſuch a vaſt height.

To

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To paſs thoſe heaps of ſnow which almoſt meet the ſky
To this Icarus has Dedalus wings given to fly,
In order his valor in flight to diſplay,
Like Hannibal, can he thro' rocks cut his way?
He growls, Conti flies, and with haſte to engage,
The young with him fly, nor ſee dangers like age;
The ſquadrons with ſpeed paſs the Var's rapid waves
The river in terror rolls backward and raves;
They paſs torrents, rocks, craggy monntains, abiſſes,
And beſiege the Alps ſummit where the heavens it kiſſes;
They brave even the thunder, and on every ſide
Nature, art, and the enemy are yielding deſcri'd.
Conti who was cenſur'd, men a Hannibal call;
But he does not like Hannibal, at Capua, ſpoil all.
You cenſurers ſevere has his glory abounded?
With Nice and Demont you are fairly confounded.
But whilſt before Conti Alps ſink to a plain,
And Engliſh ſailors quake with fear on the main,
Lewis fills all with terror on the banks of the Scheld,
And the Dutch by their fears are from troubling him withheld.

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Both ſtateſmen and generals by the ſame zeal
excited,
With their prince take the field, by war's terrors
delighted.
The ſhades of great Conde and great Lewis, Com-
manders
Renown'd, both acknowledge their deſcendants in
Flanders.
Envy's ſilent, the Prince is applauded by all;
For one month vile Zoilus ſhed not thy gall:
The old politician with a cane in his hand,
Now points out where Ypre, Furne, and Menin
ſtand.
Tis thus when at Paris in a well-written piece,
A poet has rival'd or ſurpaſs'd antient Greece,
All malice confounded it's ill deſign miſſes,
The ſpectator applauds while the bad Poet hiſſes:
Thus tho' Buſſy wrote with fell fury inſpir'd,
Luxemburgh and Turenne our fore-fathers admir'd.
Tho' the French have a trivial and ironical ſpirit,
They always admire and acknowledge true merit;
There are none that diſcover or applaud merit faſter,
Their equal they love, and they honour their maſter.

Virtue

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Virtue plac'd on the throne ſhines with luſtre moſt
bright,
And the world's example is the world's delight.
We found when the fever, dire agent of fate,
Pale, hollow-ey'd, haggar'd, with hobbling gate,
Made Lewis the great fall a victim to death,
And eſcap'd from war's danger in peace yield his
breath.
For Germanicus death Roman eyes were leſs welted;
His loſs by the world was not ſo much regretted,
And the tranſport of joy it diſcover'd was leſs
When Antoninus recover'd the world to bleſs.
In th' expreſſions of ſorrow and joy that we made
Our hearts ſpoke aloud, Love alone was diſplay'd.
Paris never its paſſions ſhew'd at other times
By ſo many bonefires, or ſo many bad rhymes.
The poetical ſpirit great king then abounded,
And the muſes the glory of the Monarch reſounded.
The throne's luſtre never was brighter than now,
But laurels are withered on every brow.
Beware both my proſe and my verſe to appear,
'Twou'd be ſad diſgrace to diſpleaſe Lewis's ear:

Yet

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Yet bards ever to the high honour lay claim
Of conducting the heroe to the temple of fame;
But without us the heroe to find his way knows,
And the monarch his glory to himself only owes.
Such a king every age and each nation admires,
The dying man praises him e'er he expires;
From father to son the great worth's handed down
Of a king who with honour has worn the crown;
And his name, which by mankind is lov'd without measure,
In ages remote is repeated with pleasure.
If, great king, some author with true genius writing,
The thoughts of your people sincerely reciting,
Shou'd address himself to you by the great art of verse,
And your virtues to mankind without flatt'ry rehearse,
A taste you perhaps to his numbers might take,
And excuse the elogium for the genius's sake:
Your favours perhaps might Parnassus inflame,
And poets for glory might put in their claim.
Encouragement's potent, 'tis that which imparts
New vigor and life to the languishing arts;

An

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And often a monarch's diſcerning ſight
Modeſt merit diſcovers that flies from the light:
Encouragement each charming art can inſpire;
The favour of monarchs fans poetical fire.

THE

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* The WORDLY MAN.

OTHERS may with regret complain
That 'tis not fair Aſtrea's reign,
That the fam'd golden age is o'er
That Saturn, Rhea rule no more:
Or, to ſpeak in another ſtile,
That Eden's groves no longer ſmile.
For my part, I thank nature ſage,
That ſhe has plac'd me in this age:
Religioniſts may rail in vain;
I own, I like this age profane;
I love the pleaſures of a court;
I love the arts of every ſort;

* This Poem was written in 1736. 'Tis a piece of humour founded upon philoſophy and the public good; it's deſign is explain'd in the poem following. See likewiſe Mr. de Melon's letter to the Counteſs of Venue.

Magnificence,

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Magnificence, fine buildings, ſtrike me ;
In this, each man of ſenſe is like me.
I have, I own, a worldly mind,
That's pleas'd abundance here to find ;
Abundance, mother of all arts,
Which with new wants new joys imparts
The treaſures of the earth and main,
With all the creatures they contain :
Theſe, luxury and pleaſures raiſe ;
This iron age brings happy days.
Needful ſurpurfluous things appear ;
They have joined together either ſphere.
See how that fleet, with canvas wings,
From Texel, Bourdeaux, London brings,
By happy commerce to our ſhores,
All Indus, and all Ganges ſtores ;
Whilſt France, that pierc'd the Turkiſh lines,
Sultans make drunk with rich French wines.
Juſt at the time of nature's birth,
Dark ignorance o'erſpread the earth ;
None then in wealth ſurpaſs'd the reſt,
For naught the human race poſſeſt.
Of clothes, their bodies then were bare,
They nothing had, and cou'd not ſhare :

Then

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Then too they ſober were and ſage,
* Martialo liv'd not in that age.
Eve, firſt form'd by the hand divine,
Never ſo much as taſted wine.
Do you our anceſtors admire,
Becauſe they wore no rich attire?
Eaſe was like wealth to them unknown,
Was't virtue? ignorance alone.
Wou'd any fool, had he a bed,
On the bare ground have laid his head?
My fruit-eating firſt father, ſay,
In Eden how roll'd time away?
Did you work for the human race,
And claſp dame Eve with cloſe embrace?
Own that your nails you cou'd not pare,
And that you wore diſorder'd hair,
That you were ſwarthy in complexion,
And that your amorous affection
Had very little better in't
Than downright animal inſtinct.
Both weary of the marriage yoke
You ſupp'd each night beneath an oak

* The author of a treatiſe entitled the FRENCH COOK.

On

On Millet, Water, and on Maſt,
And having finiſh'd your repaſt,
On the ground you were forc'd to lie,
Expos'd to the inclement ſky:
Such in the ſtate of ſimple nature
Is man, a helpleſs wretch'd creature.
Would you know in this curſed age,
Againſt which zealots ſo much rage,
To what men bleſs'd with taſte attend
In cities, how their time they ſpend.
The arts that charm the human mind
All at his houſe a welcome find;
In building it, the architect
No grace paſs'd over with neglect.
To adorn the rooms, at once combine
Pouſſin, Corregio the divine,
Their works on every pannel plac'd
Are in rich golden frames incas'd.
His ſtatutes ſhew *Bouchardon's ſkill,
Plate of †Germain, his ſide-boards fill.

---

* A famous ſtatuary, born at Chaumont in Champagn.
† An excellent goldſmith, whoſe deſigns and works diſcover the moſt exquiſite taſte.

The

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The Gobelins Tapeſtry, whoſe dye
Can with the painter's pencil vye,
With gayeſt colouring appear
As ornaments on every peer.
From the ſuperb ſalon are ſeen
Gardens with Cyprian myrtle green.
I ſee the ſporting waters riſe
By jetteau's almoſt to the ſkies.
But ſee the maſter's ſelf approach
And mount into his gilded coach,
A houſe in motion, to the eyes
It ſeems as thro' the ſtreets it flies.
I ſee him thro' tranſparant glaſſes
Loll at his eaſe as on he paſſes.
Two pliant and elaſtic ſprings
Carry him like a pair of wings.
At Bath, his poliſh'd ſkin inhales
Perfumes, ſweet as Arabian gales.
Camargot at the approach of night
Julia, Goſſin by turns invite.
Love kind and bounteous on him pours
Of choiceſt favours plenteous ſhowers.

He

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To th' opera houſe he muſt repair,
Dance, ſong and muſice charm him there.
The painter's art to ſtrike the ſight,
Does there with that bleſt art unite;
The yet more ſoft, perſuaſive ſkill,
Which can the ſoul with pleaſure thrill.
He may to damn an opera go,
And yet perforce admire Rameau.
The chearful ſupper next invites
To luxury's leſs refin'd delights.
How exquiſite thoſe ſauces flavour!
Of thoſe ragouts I like the ſavour.
The man who can in cookery ſhine,
May well be deemed a man divine.
Cloris and Ægle at each courſe
Serve me with wine, whoſe mighty force
Makes the cork from the bottle fly
Like light'ning darting from the ſky.
Bounce! to the cieling it aſcends,
And laughter the apartment rends.
In this froth, juſt obſervers ſee
Th' emblem of French vivacity.
The following day new joys inſpires,
It brings new pleaſures and deſires.

Mentor,

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Mentor, Telamachus descant
Upon frugality, and vaunt
Your Ithaca and your Salentum
To antient Greeks, since they content 'em:
Since Greeks in abstinence could find
Ample supplies of every kind.
The work, though not replete with fire,
I for it's Elegance admire:
But I'll be whipt Salentum thro'
If thither I my bliss pursue.
Garden of Eden, much renoun'd,
Since there the devil and fruit were found,
Huetius, Calmet, learn'd and bold,
Inquir'd where Eden lay of old:
I'am not so critically nice,
Paris to me's a Paradise.

THE

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The WORLDLY MAN vindicated,

OR

An APOLOGY for LUXURY.

AT dinner, 'twas one day my caſe
By a rank bigot to have place,
Who ſaid, I on it might depend
That hell would have me in the end;
And he an angel heaven's hoſt in
Would loudly laugh to ſee me roaſting.
Roaſting for what? Why for your crimes;
You've told us in ſome impious rhymes
That Adam, e'er the days of ſin,
Was oft with rain wet to the ſkin;
That he his time moſt dully ſpent,
Eat fruit, and drank the element;
That he his nails could never pare;
And that he was not ov'er fair.

You

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You Epicurus's doctrine teach,
And for luxurious pleasures preach.
Having these words in passion said,
He swallow'd wine like amber red;
Of wine, which by it's taste confess'd
The grape from whence the juice was press'd.
And I, whilst crimson stain'd his face,
Address'd the saint brimful of Grace.
Religious sir, whence comes this wine?
I own it's gusts is divine.
This wine is from Canary brought,
Said he, and shou'd be nectar thought;
It is in every respect
A liquor fit for the elect.
That coffee which when full refection
The feast has given, so helps digestion.
Whence comes it? It from heaven descended,
A gift by God for me intended.
But sure 'twas in Arabia saught
By men, and thence with trouble brought.
Both porcelaine and China ware
For you men labour'd to prepare;
Twas bak'd, and with a thousand dyes
Diversifi'd, to please your eyes:

That

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That ſilver where ſuch arts diſplay'd,
Of which cups, ſalvers, plates are made,
Which with mild luſtre faintly ſhines,
Was dug from Potoſa's rich mines.
For thee the world at work has been,
That thou at eaſe might vent thy ſpleen
Againſt that world, which for thy pleaſure
Has quite exhauſted all it's treaſure.
Thou real worlding, learn to know
Thyſelf, and ſome indulgence ſhew
To others, whom ſo much you blame
For vices, whilſt you have the ſame.
Know luxury, which deſtroys a ſtate
That's poor, enriches one that's great;
That pomp and ſplendor deem'd ſo vain,
Are proofs ſtill of a proſperous reign.
The rich can ſpend his ample ſtore;
The poor is graſping ſtill at more.
On yon caſcades now fix your ſight,
In them the Naiads take delight;
See how thoſe floods of Water roam
Covering the marble with a foam.

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Theſe waves give moiſture to the fields,
Earth beautifi'd more rich crops yields.
But ſhou'd this ſource be once decay'd,
The graſs would wither, flowers would fade.
Thus wealth, in France and Britain's ſtates,
Thro' various channels circulates.
Exceſs prevails, the great are vain
Their follies oft the poor maintain;
And Induſtry, which opulence hires,
To riches by ſlow ſteps aſpires.
I hear a ſtanch'd pedantic train
Of pleaſures ill effects complain,
Who Dyoniſius, Dyon cite
Plutarch and Horace the polite,
And cry that Curius, and a ſcore
Of conſuls, ending in *us* more,
Till'd the earth during war's alarms,
And manag'd both the plow and arms;
That corn which ſtouriſh'd in the land,
Was ſown by a victorious hand.
'Tis well ſirs, and I am content
To ſuch relations to aſſent.
But tell me, ſhould the gods incite
Auteil againſt Vaugirard to fight,

Muſt

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Muſt not the victor from the field
Returning home his land have till'd.
Rome the auguſt was heretofore
A hole like Auteil, nothing more,
When thoſe chiefs, from god Mars deſcended,
Attack'd a meadow or defended,
When to the field they took their way,
Their ſtandard was a truſs of hay *.
Jove's image wooden under Tullus,
Was beaten gold when liv'd Lucullus.
Then don't beſtow fair virtue's prize
On what from poverty had riſe.
France flouriſh'd by wiſe Colbert's care,
When once a dunce, intent to ſpare,
Preſum'd the progreſs to oppoſe
Of arts, by which fam'd Lyons roſe,
And by curſt avarice poſſeſt
Had induſtry and arts ſuppreſt;

* A handful of hay at the end of a pole called MANIPULUS' was the firſt ſtandard of the Romans.

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That miniſter, as wiſe as great,
By luxury enrich'd the ſtate.
He the great ſource of arts increas'd,
From north to ſouth, from weſt to eaſt,
Our neighbours all with envy fir'd
Pay'd dear for genius they admir'd.
A monarch's portrait here I'll draw,
Rome, Paris, Pekin, ſuch ne'er ſaw;
'Tis Solomon, that king who ſhone
A Plato, whilſt he fill'd a throne;
Who all things was to know allow'd,
From hyſſop to the cedar proud:
In luxury he ſurpaſs'd mankind,
With glittering gold his palace ſhin'd.
All various pleaſures he could taſte,
A thouſand beauties he embrac'd.
With beauties he was well ſupplied;
Give me but one, I'am ſatisfi'd.
One's full enough for me; but I
Cannot with ſage or monarch vie.
Thus ſpeaking, I perceiv'd each gueſt
To approve of my diſcourſe profeſt.

Sir,

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Sir, Piety no more repl'd,
But laughing, ſtill the bottle pli'd,
Whilſt all, who well knew what I meant,
Seem'd to my reaſons to aſſent.

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E P I S T L E

Upon CALUMNY.

SINCE beautiful 'twill be your fate
Emilia to incur much hate,
Almoſt one half of human race
Will even curſe you to your face;
Poſſeſt of genius nobleſt fire,
With fear you will each breaſt inſpire;
As you too eaſily confide
You'll often be betray'd, beli'd:
You ne'er of virtue made parade,
To Hypocrites no court you've paid.
Therefore, of calumny beware,
Foe to the virtuous and the fair.
Expect from every fool at court
Thoſe ſquibs that are thrown out in ſport;

Thoſe

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Thoſe Jeſts which each on others makes,
And ſuffers freedoms which he takes.
The curſt licentiouſneſs of tongue
From indolence and ſelf-love's ſprung.
The monſter of each ſex appears,
Her prate the croud attentive hears.
The ſcourge of mankind and delight
She o'er the world aſſerts her right.
Wit to the dulleſt ſhe imparts,
The wiſe repel her from their hearts.
The fury, with malignant ſneer,
Attacks mankind in every ſphere.
But theſe three ranks ſhe moſt devours,
And on them all her venom pours:
Wits, beauties, and the haughty great,
Are all the objects of her hate:
When merit ſtrikes the public eye,
Againſt it ſhe her darts lets fly.
Whoever genius has diſplay'd
Is ever ſatire's object made.
Adorn'd with Trinquets, full of airs,
Young Ægle to the prieſt repairs:
She goes to be conſign'd for life
To one ſhe never ſaw as wife;

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The next day ſhe's in triumph ſeen
At court and ball, before the queen.
And next by Paris ever kind
A gallant's to the bride aſſign'd.
Roy in a ballad ſings her fame,
And the town echoes with her name.
Ægle's incens'd, her cries are vain:
Ægle, excuſe the Poet's ſtrain.
Your caſe you'll bitterly deplore
When men ſhall ſpeak of you no more;
A beauty you can ſcarcely name
Who never ſuffer'd in her fame.
We find it in Bayle's learned page,
Bleſt *Mary cou'd not 'ſcape it's rage;
Lampooner's rage was unreſtrain'd,
And even her ſacred name prophan'd.
Thro' all the nations of the world
Fierce ſatire has her Vengeance hu.l'd:

* This Calumny, cited by Bayle and the Abbe Houteville, is taken from an old Hebrew book, entitled *Jaldos Jeſeut*, in which Jonathan is given to this ſacred perſon as huſband; and he who raiſes Jonathan's ſuſpicions is call'd Joſeph Panther.

Has

Has been to Jews and Chriſtians known,
But ſhe in Paris holds her throne.
A croud of idlers every night,
Of idlers call'd the world polite,
Wand'ring about the town is ſeen,
Still follow'd by that fiend the ſpleen.
There, jilted baggages abound,
And jades of quality are found;
Who nothing's like meer parrots ſay;
Who ogle fools, and cheat at play.
Amongſt them ſparks we likewiſe find,
Who ſeem much more of female kind.
Their heads with trifles are well fill'd;
In trifles they are deeply ſkill'd.
With forward air, and voices pert,
They ſing and dance, behave alert;
And if ſome man with ſenſe endu'd,
Should in their preſence be ſo rude
To ſpeak like one who books has read,
And ſhew he wears a learned head,
With anger fir'd they on him fall,
He's perſecuted by them all.
Envy, each drone to combat brings,
Againſt the bee they point their ſtings;

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Of miniſters, and monarchs ſtill,
Inferior mortals will ſpeak ill;
From Cæſar to our Lewis down,
Name we one king of high renown,
From fam'd Mæcenas days produce
A favourite who could 'ſcape abuſe.
Colbert, who, vigilant and wiſe,
Enrich'd us ſtill with new ſupplies;
Who found means to replace the ſtores
We loſt by minions, prieſts, and whores:
That worthy, to whoſe cares we owe
A greatneſs we no longer know,
Againſt him ſaw the ſtate conſpire;
Saw Frenchmen rage with furious ire,
*Diſturb his urn, inſult his ſhade,
To whom they once ſuch honours paid.
When Lewis, who bravely could oppoſe
Death's terrors like his fierceſt foes,
At length, by the decree of fate,
Was to St. Dennis borne in ſtate.

---

* A mob would have taken Mr. Colbert out of his grave at St. Euſtachius's church.

I ſaw

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I saw his people prone to changing,
Quite mad with wine and folly ranging,
Follow the mighty monarch's herse,
And curse him after death in verse.
You've known a regent at the helm
Turn upside down the Gallic realm:
He for society was born
Arts to promote and to adorn.
Great without pride, replete with wit,
Tho' loose, he cou'd no crime commit;
And yet, most curst, most black of crimes!
All France has seen attrocious rhymes
Outrageously that prince defame
And give him every odious name.
*Phillippics wrote in unchast strain
Scandalous chronicles remain;
And wi'l no Frenchman's generous rage
Refute the vile detested page?
When any make a false report,
All will conspir[illegible]

* An infa[illegible]
Orleans, [illegible]

If truth's discover'd in the end,
All men are backward to defend.
But will you from the great at court
To objects turn of meaner sort?
Leaving the court, all grandeur's center,
In the wit's temple let us enter;
That shrine, which always I admir'd,
To whose view Bardus self aspir'd,
Where Damis never cou'd repair
Let's enter, see curst envy there,
Daughter of verse, to verse a foe,
Who drawing emulation's bow,
Can pride inflame and rage excite
Amongst fools who for glory write.
See how they're bent to fight till death,
All to secure fame's idle breath;
Upon their rivals they let fall
The blackest and the bitterest gall:
Jansenist eager to devour
Molinist cou'd not blacker pour.
The casuist Doucin n'er so well
Bedaub'd sam'd Pasquier Quenel.

Th'

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Th' old rhymer, whom all men despise,
Organe, impure of many lies,
That wretch who all the town offends,
Who punish'd often never mends;
That Rufus * who your sire befriended,
And from the attacks of want defended,
Whose serpent sting soon afer bor'd
The bosom that had life restor'd;
The wicked Rufus, who in court
Made against innocence report;
Who would have hid had he been wise,
His guilt and shame from mortal eyes,
We see at Brussels Marshes strive
The flame of discord to revive:
He strives on me to throw the shame
Which must for ever brand his name.
What will that satire then avail,
With which he dares the world assail,
Pieces in French and German wrote,
Wherein he apes the old Marot,

* Rousseau.

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In which his vices all are seen,
So dull they almost give the spleen.
What great effect then do we see
From all those heaps of calumny?
Subjected to all mortals hate,
He to his poisons owes his fate.
Let us not fear the slanderer's strain;
Boileau lash'd fam'd Quinault in vain,
Quinault, whose beauties charm'd his age,
Laughs at whilst he forgives his rage.
I, whom a curst cabal would blast,
And foul aspersions on me cast,
In spight of bigots live at ease,
Both court and town my verses please.
From all this what shall we conclude?
Ye French sensorious, tho' not rude,
Severe, altho' polite and kind,
Amongst you must we ever find
Things which so very ill agree
As graces and severity?
You, who the sex in charms excell,
You know this dangerous people well;
With them we live amidst our foes,
Boldly their malice sly oppose.

Amidst

Amidſt them all your charms diſplay,
Diſcreetly follow your own way,
Folly your innate virtues lore,
And ſlanderers then ſhall prate no more.

EPISTLE

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E P I S T L E

To a Minister of State, upon the Encouragement of Arts.

YOU who with profit know delight to blend,
Who can from business to affairs descend;
With joy I see your powerful genius strive
The arts too long neglected, to revive.
Be no one branch the idol of thy heart,
But hold in balance each contending art:
Animate tragedy's bold manly stile,
And love her chearful sister's pleasing smile:
Rouse gravers, painters, and th' harmonious band,
Put a gold compass in Urania's hand.
By a true genius all arts are embrac'd;
He scarce exists who has one only taste.

I pity

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I pity that man's weak and narrow mind
Who to one ſingle object is confin'd;
Who to one idol conſecrates his heart,
And to that one would ſacrifice each art.
Hear the abſtracted algebraiſt pale
With ſtudy, whilſt his limbs begin to fail;
Who knows by calculations power elate,
Four is to two as ſixteen is to eight.
To him Racine, Corneille, as fools appear,
And Lully's harmony can't pleaſe his ear;
To Ruben's art he will not grant due praiſe,
All nature's colours he in vain diſplays.
Symbols and figures he admires alone,
And thinks none great in France but Varignon.
He can't conceive how Quinault pleas'd the age,
Who did not work equations for the ſtage.
Not leſs a fool, nor leſs a dupe to praiſe,
He who thinks Euterpe inſpires his lays;
Whoſe pilfer'd rhymes preſent us o'er and o'er
What others ſaid a thouſand times before;
To his own muſe he ever grants the prize,
And looks on ſcience with contemptuous eyes:
Views Archimede and Newton with diſdain,
And ſtrives in rhyme all Plato to explain.

The

The plodding dunce with calculating ſkull,
The coxcomb who declares all reaſoning dull
A pettifogger views with ſcornful eyes,
Taught by the law their follies to deſpiſe;
Who for ſix ſhillings blackens many a quire,
And lets his pen and anger out for hire.
A fool in furs behold bring in his claim,
Boaſting the doctors ſelf-ſufficient name:
Come hither, Bourdaloue and Maſſillon
Forſake and hear me with applauſe alone.
I by three heads each ſimple caſe make clear,
St. Thomas I've explain'd for many a year:
Pretenders thus the public ear engage,
And draw a numerous audience to their ſtage;
The virtuous man to others gives due praiſe;
To others merit he due tribute pays.
Erſt before God compleating his great plan
Had breath'd the breath of life into a man,
The world to ſtock with creatures was his care;
He made the eagle, ſovereign of the air,
The ſteed that ſcours the plains, the dog that ſtill
Attends obedient to his maſter's will;
The bleating ſheep, the wolfe that nightly prowls,
The ox whoſe force man's higher force controuls

The

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The bird that charms the forests, and the dove,
Thought here below the simbol of true love:
Man nam'd them all, and with enlighten'd mind
Their uses knew, their several tasks assign'd,
No servants *Mazarin wou'd e'er elect,
But let God's providence his choice direct:
The die decided each domestick's lot,
Postillions Secretaries places got;
His coachman thus an agent's post obtain'd,
His almoner by fate was cook ordain'd.
Such instances in human life abound,
Employments vary, talent's rarely found.
When to Rome's emperor every man was slave,
He to a horse the consul's fasces gave;
Far less absurdly he conferr'd that place
Than those who fools with rank and title grace:
By ignorance oft has Cujas robe been born,
Blockhead's have oft the sacred mitre worn:
And oft the man has over kingdoms reign'd,
Who to the oar should have with slaves been chain'd.

---

* The duke of Mazarin, Hortensia Macini's husband every year made his domesticks cast lots for the places they were to fill and what is here related, is founded on fact.

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May you ne'er in the choice of men thus err,
True merit ſeek, true merit ſtill prefer.
'Tis thus the botaniſt's ſagacious mind
Midſt thiſtles knows the healing plant to find.
'Tis thus great Colbert, once the boaſt of France,
Awak'd each art which ſlept in death like trance.
Like him protect the arts in their decline,
Like Colbert and renown'd Mæcena's ſhine.

POETICAL

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POETICAL DISSERTATIONS.

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POETICAL DISSERTATIONS.

DISSERTATION THE FIRST.

Upon the Equality of CONDITIONS.

FRIEND, o'er whose mind fair virtue still presides,
Whom reason still to nature's instinct guides,
Who mak'st thy wishes with thy station meet,
Blest without wealth, in pleasures still discreet:
Happy are those who thus their genius scan,
Whom prudence teaches to elect life's plan:
His heart ne'er grieve's repentance voice to hear,
He lives concenter'd in his proper sphere.
Men differ; one's condition's like the rest,
Folly miscarries where good sense is blest.
Bliss is the port to which each mortal's bound,
The winds uncertain, rocks of life abound:

Heaven

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Heaven to enable man the port to find
A bark to every mortal has assign'd.
Various resources, equal dangers rise,
What boots it when the storm roars thro' the skies
That thy poop's painted; that the changeful gales
Blow thro' thy silken shrouds and purple sails:
The pilot's art alone the storm allays,
And not the ornaments our bark displays.
What doctrine strange, you'll say is here profest,
Is no state then beyond another blest?
Has heaven given all of bliss an equal share?
A scrivener's wife to a princess who'd compare?
Is it not for a priest a happier fate
To clap a scarlet hat on his bald pate,
Than to go after morn or evening prayer
T' expose to discipline his shoulders bare?
In triple bonnet sure more blest the judge
Than the clark doom'd in office still to drudge.
God's justice, nature's laws, this rule oppose,
Her gifts she with more equity bestows.
Think you she'll ever be so partial found
As to have bliss to fortune's chariot bound?
A colonel oft will impudently trie
In pleasures even a marshal to outvie.

Blest

Bleſt as a king, the ignorant vulgar ſay,
Yet monarchs dearly for their grandeur pay.
Vain confidence a king puts in his throne,
For grief and ſpleen to greatneſs ſelf are known.
Heaven muſt to all the ſame attention pay,
It form'd all mankind of one common clay.
Let's own that Heaven is juſt as well as kind,
It has a birthright to each child aſſign'd:
Some crop muſt ſtill be reap'd from earth's worſt ſpot,
He's diſinherited who mourns his lot.
Let's without pride poſſeſs; let's bear with grace,
Since 'twas by God aſſign'd our earthly place.
God meant arranging ſublunary things
To make us happy, not to make us kings.
Before Pandora, if we credit fame,
We all were equal, we are ſtill the ſame.
To have ſtill the ſame title to be bleſt
Puts each upon a level with the reſt.
Thoſe ſlaves in yonder valley doſt thou ſee,
Who cut a craggy rock, or lop a tree;
Who turn the courſe of ſtreams; who, with a ſpade
The entrails of the fertile earth pervade.
We do not find that model in thoſe plains
On which were form'd Fontenelle's ſoft ſwains.

Their

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There Timaret and Tircis are not found
Beneath a myrtle ſhade with chaplets crown'd,
Graving upon the oaken bark their names,
And ever talking of their amorous flames.
But ſome rough card endu'd with ſtubborn heart,
Who knows thro' mire to drive the loaden cart:
Soon as Aurora ſtreaks the ruſſet ſkies,
From her coarſe bed Perrette is forc'd to riſe,
They pant, with duſt I ſee them cover'd o'er;
Each day they labour as the day before;
By toil to cold and heat alike enur'd,
Both are by them with equal eaſe endur'd:
And yet they ſing in rude tone, without note,
Old Ballads which by Pellegrin were wrote.
Strength, health, ſound ſleep, the mind's ſerene repoſe,
To poverty and toil the labourer owes.
At Paris gay Colin no joy can find,
His ears are deafen'd, uninform'd his mind:
No joy it's ſplendor to the ruſtic yields;
He overlooks it, and regrets his fields.
Love's voice excites him thither to repair,
Whilſt Damis running ſtill from fair to fair
In proud apartments lolls at careleſs eaſe,
Intrigue his buſineſs, his deſire to pleaſe,

By

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By his wife hated, dup'd by his kept dame,
To every beauty tells his amorous flame;
Quits Ægle's arms for Cloris coy who flies,
And thinks all joy in noise and scandal lies.
The vigorous faithful Colin, on loves wing
Flies to Lisetta with return of spring.
Returning in three months, the rustic swain
Makes presents simple like himself and plain:
He does not bring those trinkets rich and rare
Which Hebert sells to the deluded fair.
Without these trifles he secures his joys,
He wants them not, they are the happy's toys.
The rapid eagle thro' the yielding skies
After his paramour with ardor flies.
The ox the heifer seeks with many a bound,
His lowing love makes all the vale resound.
Sweet Philomel, soon as the flowers appear,
Delights with songs his lov'd companion's ear.
Forth from the bushes darts the buzzing flie,
Meets insects, and engenders in the sky;
To exist of all their wishes is the bound,
They grieve not others are more perfect found.
What need I care whilst in my present state
That other beings have a happier fate.

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But can that wretch who lies upon the duſt
Object at once of pity and diſguſt,
That breathing ſkeleton with woes oppreſt,
Who lives to ſuffer, ſay, can he be bleſt?
No; but can Tamas by a ſlave depos'd,
A vizir in diſgrace, a prince oppos'd,
Be happy deem'd? When once they're caſt in chains,
A ſad remembrance of their ſtate remains.
Each ſtate its ills, its diſappointments knows;
Man's ſtate is vary'd, various are his woes;
Leſs fierce in peace, more active in the fight,
Charles had in Engliſh realms maintain'd his right.
And had Dufreny with more care apply'd,
Of want he had not like an author dy'd.
We all are equal, Men muſt bear fatigue,
Churches breed controverſies, courts intrigue.
Too oft true merit lurks behind a ſcreen,
Evil abounds, but bliſs is often ſeen.
Nor youth, nor age, nor poverty, nor wealth,
Can e'er reſtore the wounded ſoul to health.
Irus of old, of poverty aſham'd,
Loud againſt Cræſus opulence declaim'd:
Honour and wealth by Cræſus are poſſeſt,
Cry'd he, and only I remain unbleſs'd.

While

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While thus he ſpoke, while thus his rage prevail'd,
The Carian king an arm'd hoſt aſſail'd.
Of all his courtly train not one remains,
In fight he's taken, and he's caſt in chains;
His treaſure's loſt, his miſtreſs from him torn:
He weeps, but ſees when loſt and quite forlorn
Irus, poor Irus, who the combat o'er
Drinks with the victors, thinks of war no more.
Oh! jove, exclaim'd he, Irus knows the worſt;
Irus is happy, I alone am curſt.
Miſtaken both, they ſhould conteſt lay by;
He errs, who ſees a man with envious eye:
External luſtre fills us with ſurprize;
But man's a myſtery to human eyes.
All joy is tranſient, mirth muſt have an end;
Whither do then the cares of mortals tend?
In every clime grows happineſs ſincere,
'Tis no where to be found, or every where:
No where entire, but every where the ſame;
In God alone exhauſtleſs laſts the flame:
Its like the pure, like the ætherial fires
To mix with other elements aſpires;
Mounts to the clouds, deſcends to rocks below,
And in the ſea's abyſs makes diamonds glow;

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When ſnowy mountains load the frozen plains
Joy ever chears the boſoms of the ſwains.
In what'er ſtate thou'rt born oh mortal ſtill
Reſign'd ſubmit to thy creator's will.

DISSERTATION

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DISSERTATION the IId.

Upon LIBERTY.

IN tranſient life, which ſome few years comprize,
If happineſs muſt be true wiſdom's prize,
Who ſhall to me this ſacred treaſure ſend,
Does it upon myſelf or heaven depend?
Is it like wit, like beauty, and high birth,
A lot which prudence can't acquire on earth?
Say, am I free, or do my limbs and ſoul
Some other agent's ſecret ſprings controul?
Is will which ever hurries me away,
Slave to the ſoul, or bears the ſovereign ſway?
Plung'd in this doubt, and hopeleſs of relief,
I rais'd to heaven my eyes obſcur'd with grief.
A ſpirit then to whom the God is known,
Who holds his place by the almighty's throne,

Who

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Who ſtill attends him, burns with conſtant flame,
From the high heavens celeſtial envoy came;
For oft propitiouſly thoſe ſons of light
Illume the ſoul obſcur'd by error's night.
And fly the doctor's ſupercilious pride,
Who does in his profeſſor's chair confide;
Who quite elate, and of his ſyſtem vain,
Miſtakes for truth the phantom of his brain.
Liſten, ſaid he, in pity to your grief
I'll now reveal what ſure will bring relief.
What you deſire to learn I ſhall diſcloſe,
Inſtruction is his due to doubt who knows.
Know then, oh! man, that you are free as I,
This is the nobleſt gift of the moſt high;
In the free will of each intelligence
That being's life conſiſts, it's true eſſence.
That's free which can conceive, will, act, design;
A glorious attribute, almoſt divine.
This great prerogative to God we owe,
His offspring we, his images below:
His word all-powerful made heaven, earth, and ſeas,
The body thus the will's command obeys.
Sovereign on earth, a powerful king by thought,
Nature by thee is to thy purpoſe brought;

The

The zephyr you command, the roaring main ;
You can your will and even desires restrain.
Of liberty, if we the soul divest,
What is it ? 'Tis a subtile flame at best.
Were we depriv'd once of the power to chuse,
We should in fact our very being lose ;
Machines we should be by the Almighty wrought,
Curious automatons endu'd with thought.
We shou'd delusion suffer every hour,
Tools of the deity's despotic power.
Cou'd man not free God's image be esteem'd ?
Cou'd works like these be profitable deem'd ?
Can't he then please God, can't he give offence,
Can God nor punish us nor recompense ?
Justice in heaven and earth must cease to dwell,
Desfontaines is not bad, not good Pucelle*.
Fate's impulse actuates each human breast,
And the world's chaos is by vice possest.
The proud oppressor, miser hard of heart,
Cartouche, Mirivis, skill'd in fraudful art ;

* The abbe Pucelle, a celebrated councellor of parliament. The abbe Desfontaines, a man who often incurr'd the censure of the law : He kept open shop, where he sold panegyrick and satire to those that bid highest.

The

The ſlanderer more criminal than all,
May God the cauſer of his baſeneſs call.
If I am perjur'd, 'tis by his command,
He plunders, robs, and murders by my hand:
'Tis thus the God who firſt ordain'd all laws,
Is made of horrors and black crimes the cauſe.
Could thoſe who ſuch a dogma dire maintain,
Speak of the devil himſelf in blacker ſtrain:
Surprize ſeiz'd on me, as on one at night
Who wakes ſurpriz'd to ſee a ſudden light,
Whilſt yet a heavy and half open'd eye
With difficulty can the light deſcry.
I anſwer'd, can it heavenly ſpirit be
That mortal man's ſo weak whilſt he is free,
Why cannot reaſon's torch direct his way,
He follows it, yet often goes aſtray?
Why ſhou'd this paragon ſo wiſe and brave,
Be always thus to vice an abject ſlave?
This anſwer ſtraight return'd the ſpirit kind,
What groundleſs grief has thus o'erwhelm'd your mind?
Liberty ſometimes is impair'd in you,
But was eternal liberty your due?

Shou'd

Shou'd it be equal in each time and ſtate
You'd be a God, to be a man's your fate.
Shall a drop in the vaſt unbounded ſea
Exclaim, immenſity was made for me?
No, all is weak in thee, to change inclin'd
Thy beauty, ſtrength, the talents of thy mind.
All nature has its limits fix'd below,
Shall then man's power be boundleſs here below?
But when your heart which various paſſions ſway
To their ſtrong impuſe overpower'd gives way;
When to their force you find your free-will bend,
You had it ſure, ſince you perceive it end.
Whene'r you feel the burning fever's flame
By ſlow degrees it undermines your frame;
But that attack no ſure deſtruction brings,
Tho' for a time it wears life's feeble ſprings.
You oft return from death's half-open'd gate
More healthy, temperate, and more ſedate,
Your great prerogative more ſtrictly ſcan,
Liberty is the ſoul's health in a man.
Sometimes it's efficacy may ſubſide
Subdu'd by rage, ambition, love, or pride.
The thirſt of knowledge may it's power controul,
Many are the diſeaſes of the ſoul.

But

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But you againſt them may yourſelf defend,
Open this book, conſult that learned friend;
A friend's the gift of heaven, a bleſſing rare,
To *Sylva, Vernage, Helvetius repair.
May heaven, when men are into vice betray'd,
Send ſuch aſſiſtants powerful to their aid.
Is there that idiot amongſt human kind
Who wiſhes not in danger aid to find?
Behold the mortal who free-will arraigns,
And blindly a blind deſtiny maintains,
See how he ponders, weighs, deliberates;
See how he loads with blame the man he hates;
How he ſeeks vengeance when with paſſion warm;
How he corrects his ſon and would reform.
From hence 'tis evident he thought him free,
His ſyſtem and his actions diſagree.
His heart bely'd his tongue at every word
In ſtriving to explain this dogma abſurd:
He owns the ſentiment he ſeems to brave;
He acts as free, diſcourſes as a ſlave.
Since free thank God, who freedom did beſtow
To him the bliſs that makes you bleſt you owe;

* A famous phyſician of Paris.

Avoid

Avoid with caution all the vain conteſt
Of thoſe that tyranniſe the human breaſt;
Firm in thy principles, and juſt in heart,
Error compaſſionate, with truth take part.
Do not to zeal's ſuggeſtions fierce give way,
He is a brother who is led aſtray;
To be humane as well as prudent ſtrive;
From others bliſs thy happineſs derive.
The angels words reſounding in my ear,
My mind was rais'd above this mortal ſphere;
I had enquir'd, at length preſumptous grown,
Of things reveal'd to heavenly minds alone:
Of ſpirit pure, of matter, light, and ſpace
The elaſtic ſpring, eternity, time's race,
Strange queſtions, which ſo frequently confound
Mairant the ſubtile, Graveſende the profound *,
And which Deſcartes in vain ſtrove to explore,
Whoſe vortices are now believ'd no more.
But then the ſpirit vaniſh'd from my ſight
And ſought the regions of eternal light.

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* Mr. Graveſende, profeſſor at Leiden; the firſt who taught Newton's diſcoveries. Mr. Dortous de Mairant, a gentleman of Beziers, ſecretary to the Academy of Sciences at Paris.

He

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He was not ſent me from the ætherial ſky,
To teach the ſecrets deep of the moſt high:
My eyes by too great light had been oppreſt,
He ſaid enough, in ſaying, man be bleſt.

The END of the THIRTY-SECOND Volume.

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